Can the Celtics Bounce Back?

Saturday Review

January 21, 1978

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Who's Got the Upper Hand?

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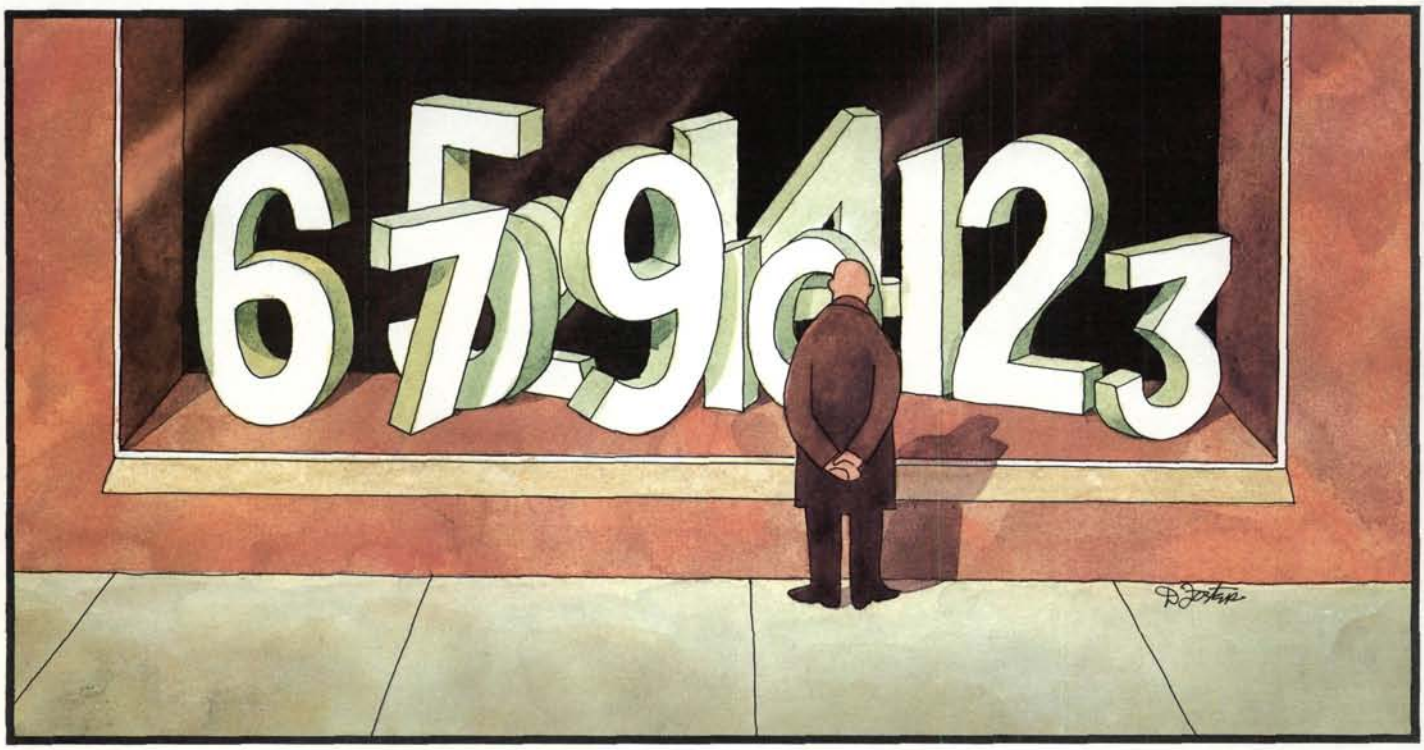

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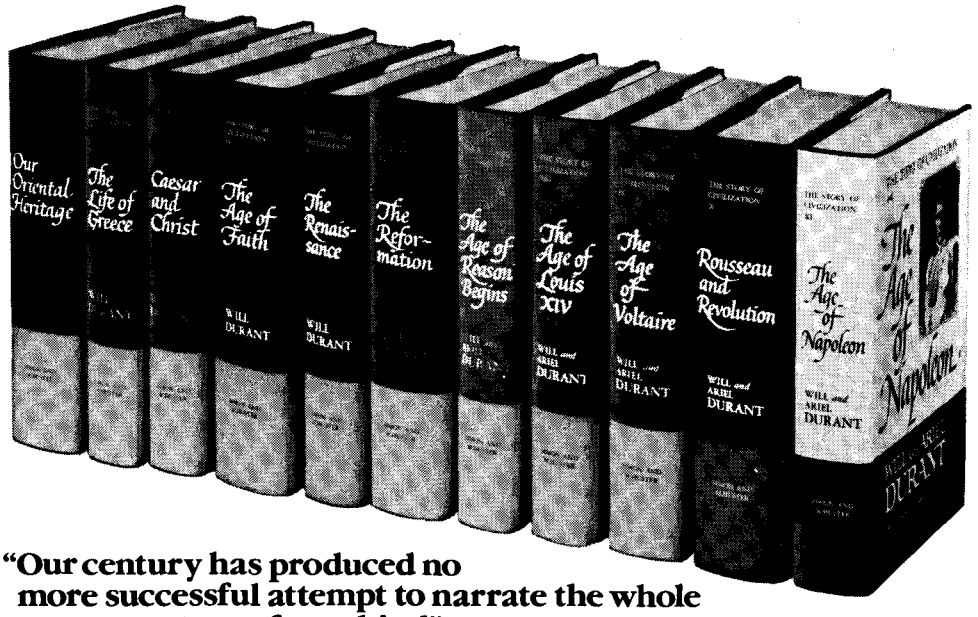

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Saturday Review

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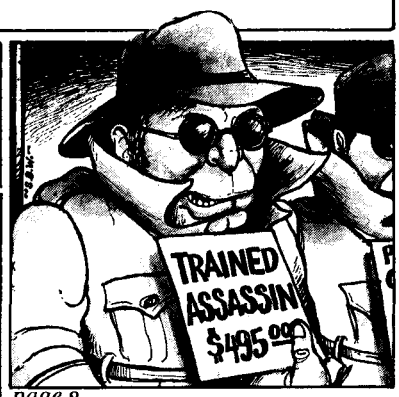

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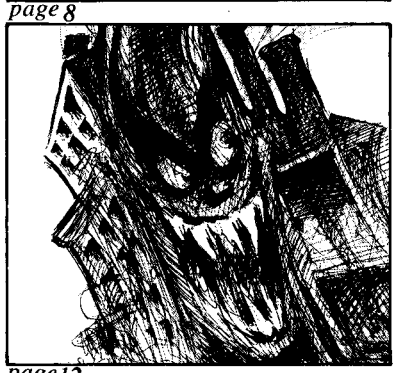

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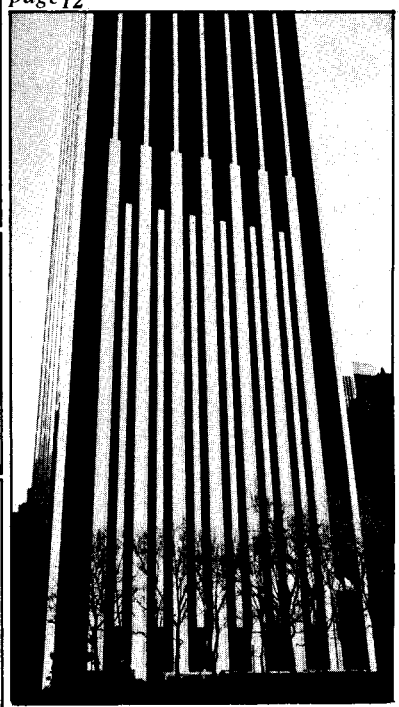

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The Bureaucrats and Mr. 1069

A RECENT NEWSPAPER ITEM reports that a Minnesota citizen has applied to the court for authorization to change his name to the number 1069. The case has raised all sorts of fascinating questions, and so we were pleasantly surprised to receive a telephone call about it from Donald T. Barbeau, Chief Judge of the District Court in Minneapolis, who will have to decide whether to grant Michael Herbert Dengler's request. Judge Barbeau said he was consulting students of history, philosophy, and human rights because the law books offered little precedent for a case of this kind.

The judge had heard from a number of sources that *SR* had been waging a war against the increasing depersonalization of human beings and that in this connection, we regularly ran spoofing advertisements in the magazine's classified columns in which we concocted whopping computer errors that were supposed to have resulted in all sorts of horrendous mix-ups. Judge Barbeau had been told that *SR*'s reason for the spoofs was that we thought society had gone much too far in the direction of a computerized and numbered humanity. He wondered whether we had any thoughts to offer on the case before him.

We asked the judge to tell us about Michael Dengler. We learned that Mr. Dengler, 32, had held a variety of jobs, including teacher and short-order cook. To all intents and purposes he is a solid citizen with nothing in his background to indicate instability or eccentricity. Mr. Dengler has stated that he believes each number has symbolic significance, beginning with the number 1, which to him stands for wholeness, and ending with the number 9, which has something to do with "ever-present nature." He insists that society has the obligation to respect his right to be known by four digits of his choosing rather than by the name given him by his parents.

After listening to Judge Barbeau, my first impulse was to side with Mr. Dengler. If his way of asserting his individuality was to be called by a number, that was his privilege and his problem. The fact that a digital moniker runs against convention—Mr. Dengler would probably be the only one so designated of 4 billion human beings—did not seem to me to be an argument against him.

Yet, after thinking about it, I wasn't so sure I was right. I realized that the cause of individuality was not likely to be served by a legal decision enabling Mr. Dengler to be known as Mr. 1069. The essential issue was whether a decision in his favor would accelerate a process of dehumanization that has already gone much too far.

The most serious battle being waged in the world today is not between conflicting political systems but between number-prone bureaucracies and individual citizens. Everywhere in the world, whatever the ideology, people are being encumbered and entangled by functionaries who hold sway through triplicate paper forms. Their questions are often as incomprehensible and impenetrable as their underlying purpose is obscure. No sooner are the conditions they impose met than are new obfuscations raised. The functionaries are as obsessive as they are implacable. They are not confrontable; they are gray figures lost in a landscape of long corridors and an infinity of filing cabinets bulging with regulations.

The bureaucrats may speak in different tongues in different parts of the world, but they are equally misunderstood everywhere. Their officialese comes as naturally to its perpetrators as their administrative fines. The tax form alone makes everyone in the world kin. Nothing is more universally recognizable or poignant than the baffled look on the faces of decent but helpless citizens, whether their native habitat is Chile, Chad, or Chicago, when confronted by the need to compute their taxes according to a series of questions whose only object, seemingly, is to provide the final triumph of numbers over logic.

The American farmer who wants authorization to shift his crop from soybeans to grain; the Muscovite manager of a bakery who needs approval before he can swap apartments with a bus driver so that both can live nearer to their jobs; the young Rumanian language specialist who needs official permission before leaving her job as a tourist guide in order to teach at the university; the British dentist who finds it easier to fill teeth than government forms after he has done so; the Italian grocer who has prudently put his money in a savings bank, only to have the funds impounded because he forgot to submit the bankbook for interest computation—all these are citizens battered and beleaguered by the bureaucrats. They are victims of a monumental numbers game in which the deck is stacked in favor of the state. Every time people have to queue up somewhere, the bureaucrats score a point against the human race.

In the best of all possible worlds, there might be no harm in allowing Michael Herbert Dengler to be known by a number. But in a world overrun by bureaucrats, replacing even a single human name with a number is like throwing raw meat to lions or a hanging curve to Reggie Jackson. Can anyone imagine anything riskier than fortifying the natural tendency of bureaucrats to forget faces and remember numbers?

The bureaucrats are impelled by a dream of a soulless world in which everything will be known about everyone and in which digits are supreme. The individual's secrets will become as extinct as gracious letters written in artistic longhand. But secrets are precious. They have to do with human failings. They must not be entrusted to computers.

Give the blasted bureaucrats more numbers to play with? Never. Michael Herbert Dengler should be consoled, and his assertion of individuality should be redirected. The court could sympathize with him if what he really wanted was to put more distance between himself and bureaucracy; but it would be a mistake to expect the law to set a precedent that could be seized upon by all those in public agencies who think computerese rather than humanese.

There is something unholy and inhuman about digits when they are used as identifiers, whether on a Buchenwald registry or a Minnesota court order. Far better to let Mr. Dengler be renamed Mr. Emperor or Mr. Majesty or Mr. Monarch of All He Surveys than Mr. 1069. Far better, too, to sustain and even encourage the illusion that a man is a mighty potentate than to permit him to be a perforation on a computer card.

—N.C.

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Letters from Readers

Good Cooking

"The threads and textures of life in America." Alistair Cooke's talks are as Roland Gelatt describes them ["Mid-Atlantic Man," October 1]. As I read the review of Cooke's *Six Men*, I went back in memory to those years in the Fifties and Sixties when I sat by my shortwave radio in North India each Monday evening and listened to Cooke broadcasting his *Letter from America*. Over the years I learned things about life in the United States that I probably wouldn't have known had I been living here.

The most memorable broadcast, to me, was made on the Monday after the assassination of President John F. Kennedy, when, in a barely controlled voice, Cooke quoted from Dylan Thomas: "Do not go gently into that good night./Rage, rage the passing of the light."

Cooke's special gift of observation and storytelling has enriched my life.

Arra Bunce
Lake City, Mich.

Monkey Business

The account of the Huxley-Wilberforce altercation recorded by Ashley Montagu in his excellent review of the Leakey-Lewin *Origins* ["Our Prehistoric Roots," November 12] revives an old question, namely, whether or not Huxley won a battle but lost the war. It is true that he called the bishop's query "pretentious nonsense" and added that "it would not have occurred to me to bring such a topic forward for discussion myself"; but he followed this with a decision that now seems somewhat regrettable: "I was quite ready to meet the Right Rev. prelate even on that ground." This he did, with the devastating effect reported.

But the "ground" that the bishop clearly established with his impertinent question was that hoary misconception of the scientists' true position—that mankind had descended from the apes. It was that untenable premise that prompted Huxley's riposte. He replied directly that he would prefer an ape for a grandfather over a man "of great means and influence" (meaning the bishop) who would introduce "ridicule into a grave scientific discussion."

The ground was truly "pretentious nonsense." Neither Darwin nor Huxley (nor, in fact, any reputable paleontologist in that audience) would have advanced such a theory. All would have said that contemporary species have descended from remote common ancestors whose progeny diverged aeons ago through mutations and thus evolved along separate lines to their present forms.

Why, then, did Huxley abandon this solid position even momentarily? Why did he not simply point out the absurdity of the bishop's spurious challenge? As for his assumption that "among us we shut up the bishop and his Laity," a century of popular ignorance has persisted to negate his claim.

Fred Walcott
Ann Arbor, Mich.

Violent Reaction

I would like to comment on Norman Lear's statement that "rape is not an act of sex; it is an act of violence" and on Thomas H. Middleton's contention that rape is indeed an act of sex ["The Rape of a Word," December 10].

Both Middleton and Lear are wrong.

Rape is not only an act of sex but also an act of violence. And even that statement does not communicate the sheer terror of the crime.

Ruth Fowler
Richmond, Va.

Making Tracks

I have only one correction for Peter Andrews's interesting article ["The Birth of the Talkies," November 12]. There was no Super Chief in the early Thirties, during the movies' transition to sound. At that time, the extra-fare Santa Fe train to the coast was called the Chief. The Super Chief did not appear until 1936, with the advent of the diesel locomotive and the so-called streamlined train.

I remember a number of trips on the Chief in that period, though I was a very young boy then. My father, John Howard Lawson, went to Hollywood in 1929 and worked as a screenwriter on early sound films, including *Dynamite*, De Mille's first talking picture. The trip by train was quite leisurely compared to later schedules. At Albuquerque, New Mexico, the train stopped for hours, and I—just a child—walked through the station, watching the Indians selling their artifacts and wares. Air conditioning on trains had not yet arrived. It could get stifling going through the desert, and the conductors hung damp sheets across the Pullman car windows to cool things off. Standing on the observation platform as the train moved down the mountainous, sharp-curved Cajon Pass, I could see the two black steam locomotives up ahead. Then the train took us through the San Bernardino Valley, blue skies, bright yellow California light, mountains rising to the north, and, along the train tracks, endless lush orange groves. Many Hollywood people disembarked at Pasadena, but there was a reward for those who waited to get off at the small, old, dumpy, dingy Los Angeles station. The train had no separate right-of-way of its own and ran right down the middle of the streets of Los Angeles, a flagman leading the way.

Jeffrey Lawson
Santa Monica, Calif.

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Front Runners

Andrzej Dudziński

Komical Krauts

The juvenile reading habits of American GIs stationed in West Germany have local authorities worried. It seems, according to the magazine *Der Spiegel*, that our soldiers have gone ape over World War II comic books that are published in New York and sold through army outlets abroad. The Germans depicted in these lurid publications are bestial and anti-American, and authorities fear that too many GIs are confusing these fictional characters with the present-day German public.

Officials point, for instance, to a now defunct—but till recently, enormously popular—comic book called *Blitzkrieg*, which was all about the outrages committed by three noncommissioned Wehrmacht goons, Franz, Ludwig, and Hugo. When they weren't busy humiliating American prisoners of war ("Down, swine!"), this unwholesome trio spent every waking hour machine-gunning crowds of civilians ("Keep shooting—some are still alive!"), executing shopkeepers and ripping off their wares ("Sometimes war isn't so bad, after all!"), and blazing away at Allied commandos dangling helplessly by their parachute straps from trees in a burning forest ("Reminds me," Ludwig gloats, "of the roast duck I used to eat in Berlin on Sunday.").

Not surprisingly, Franz, Ludwig, and Hugo had an opposite number, an American sergeant named Rock, who did pretty much what they did—only he did it to Nazis. "[The *Sergeant Rock* magazine is] my favorite reading," an American sergeant told *Der Spiegel*. "Sergeant Rock and his men are armed with .50 caliber machine guns and eat grenades for breakfast."

The deplorable impression such war comics are making on lonely young GIs is evident even to casual observers. The youngsters are especially attracted to simplistic cartoon books because, *Der Spiegel* says, reading comprehension levels among post-Vietnam American recruits are so low: Of 200,000 volunteers who signed up with the Army in 1974, just 78,000 had a high school education.

But whatever the reasons for the craze, war comics are a big business. *Der Spiegel* claims that 500,000 war-oriented comic books are sold yearly to American soldiers in European army installations. By contrast, *Playboy* sells 28,500 copies a month, and *Time* and *Newsweek* between them account for only 8,500 sales a week.

Sol Harrison, who publishes the most popular line of World War II comics, denies his products are anti-German. "We tell it as it really was," Harrison says. "War is hell. You're the enemy, and that's that."

Flat-Out Down East

The energy crisis has slowed down the average American motorist, right? Wrong.

That may have been the effect a couple of years ago, when memories of the 1973–74 gasoline crunch were still green, but today the motorist isn't staying within the national speed limit of 55 mph.

So says the Federal Highway Administration. State police data show that the average driving speed of the American motorist rose from 54.61 mph in 1976 to 56.12 mph in 1977.

President Carter has noted that "highway speeds are again creeping up." And he added, "The numbers of people being killed or seriously injured in highway accidents are rising again with the increase in vehicle speeds." He also pointed out that simply staying within the speed limit "could save more than eight million gallons of gasoline a day."

Easterners might think that most of the speeding is done in the wide open spaces of the West. And they'd be partly right—the average speed of the Wyoming motorist is 59.2 mph; that of the New Mexican motorist, 58.4 mph; and that of the Texas motorist, 58.3 mph.

But the fastest drivers of all are in Connecticut, where they average 59.8 mph; followed closely by drivers in Massachusetts, at 58.5 mph; and in Vermont, at 58.4 mph.

Sign of the Times

Last November, in Cranford, New Jersey, a fifteen-year-old girl went home from school on a Friday with a headache and was dead by that Sunday—of a brain tumor. A month earlier, for no evident reason, the girl had walked into a wall and had been "grounded" (i.e., forbidden to leave home socially) by her mother, who suspected her daughter's erratic behavior was attributable to smoking pot.

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Front Runners

The Cheater Cheated?

A former executive vice-president of Firestone Tire and Rubber Company, Robert P. Beasley, has been indicted for ripping off almost one million dollars from the fund Firestone had set aside for illegal campaign contributions.

They Can Dig It

Women are turning up these days in the most unexpected places—like coal mines. *Coal Age* magazine reports that there are more than 800 women coal miners and that the number is steadily increasing. "Women want to be coal miners for the same reason men do," says reporter Anne Swardson. "They can make more money." The starting wage for miners is approximately $50 a day, enough to keep the women at a job most of them don't really like. Who are the women going underground? A survey by the United Mine Workers says that they are likely to be either divorcées in their mid-thirties with children to support or young singles who want to make a career of mining. Despite some alleged discrimination in the pits and opposition from friends and relatives, the female miners seem to be sticking with the job for the long haul, even if, as Sandra Bailey, of Kentucky, says, they have to "shovel twice as fast and half as much at a time."

Front Runners Submissions

SR will pay readers $25 for any clipping or item accepted for use in Front Runners. We regret that we cannot acknowledge receipt of materials, run by-lines with items, or return unused submissions.
Please send items to:
Front Runners, Saturday Review,
1290 Avenue of the Americas,
New York, N.Y. 10019.

Spies for Sale

What's to become of all the ousted CIA agents who are flooding the job market these days? The big worry is that many of these embittered ex-operatives will turn the dark arts of their trade against their fellow Americans—under direction from private sector interests or from nations unfriendly to the United States.

This is no idle fear: The CIA has now chopped its full-time payroll from 10,000 plus to about 7,500—including some 500 fired within the past few months—and CIA chief Admiral Stansfield Turner has announced the axing this year of several hundred more covert-operations types.

Inevitably, the operatives who have been cut loose include some of the world's deadliest citizens—specialists in exotic weaponry, political overthrow, and the fine art of arranging fatal "accidents" that are so convincing they can completely fool coroners, district attorneys, and insurance investigators.

There are, fortunately, some "straight"—if not lucrative—jobs open to ex-ops. More and more corporations are hiring knowledgeable, no-nonsense types to protect executives from possible European-style terror bombings, kidnappings, and such.

But the big money for an ex-op would seem to be in working for other nations, in contracting with private sector interests to carry out dirty tricks capers, or in joining up with a group of former agents who are mounting big money rip-offs on their own. It is no secret that many of the fired ops are bitter enough to turn renegade or to operate outside the law. Originally recruited in part for their cold war mentalities, they now feel Uncle Sam has betrayed them. "It's those pinkos who are running government," grumped an ex-op recently. "They want to pull us back everywhere overseas."

One retired CIA man sees heavy weather ahead if significant numbers of dischargees decide to go lawless. "[After all,] what else can they sell?" he asks. "The temptation is there to use what you've got, and some companies are willing to pay these guys to spy on their competitors."

If a spot of industrial espionage is all that comes out of this prickly situation, the country will be fortunate indeed.

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ALMOST EVERYONE HAS A $10,000.00 IDEA. HERE'S HOW TO MAKE IT PAY.

By Ernest P. Weckesser, Ph.D.

Several years ago, while I was teaching college n Indiana, I stumbled across a "money" hobby hat has changed my life.

Oddly enough, I discovered it while browsing hrough magazines in a drug store. In almost very magazine there were dozens of small ads elling one basic thing—printed information.

The financial magazines contained small ads or "newsletters," "reports" and "booklets." The cience and mechanics magazines were loaded with classified ads for all sorts of "how-to" books, 'instructions," "plans," etc.

I was most surprised by the fact that almost all he ads were placed by individuals—not by large companies.

This was too fascinating to resist. I decided to place two small ads myself.

I put together a booklet containing some of my best wine recipies and another about Austra- ia. A few days after the ads appeared I stopped by the post office.

When I looked through the little glass window on my P.O. box, I almost dropped my key. The box was stuffed—jammed—packed full of envelopes. Hundreds of orders containing cash and checks! I couldn't believe it.

$9,450.00 IN 45 DAYS

When the dust finally settled around our house, I talked with other successful advertisers. I discovered . . .

1. A young graduate student in Texas markets a body-building manual for $3.00. He uses one classified ad in six magazines. It's strictly a spare-time activity but he reports earnings of $300.00 monthly.

2. A retired U.S. Army sergeant in Arizona wrote a 24-page booklet. His three $17.00 classified ads brought him $300.00 in cash orders.

3. A Kentucky woman selling a 15-page travel booklet for $1.00 was literally swamped with orders. In 87 days her classified ad running in six magazines made a net profit of $2,230.00 from a gross of $3,250.00. She was 69 years of age, widowed and living alone in her apartment at the time.

4. A husband-wife team in Oregon compiled their own "how-to" booklet. They put a small display ad in one newspaper. Within only 45 days that one ad pulled $9,450.00 in cash orders.

Don't misunderstand. This isn't a get-rich-quick scheme. It's a business, and, as such, it's speculative. But test ads are cheap (as low as $13.50 for a national ad) and the profit potential is staggering! An Ohio man I spoke with put a large display ad in a national Sunday supplement. A few days later the orders started pouring in—mail sacks full of cash! Within the next two months he received over $220,000.00 in CASH orders for his $3.00 booklet.

I realize this all sounds too good to be true. But here's a way you can actually verify what I'm saying in your home or office.

TRY THIS TEST

★ First, obtain several magazines containing classified ads. You don't have to buy them . . . just borrow them from the library.
★ Second, get old copies of the same magazines—at least 10-13 months old.
★ Third, turn to the classified sections of each and place the old magazine beside the new magazine.
★ Fourth, compare both. Cross-check each one to see how many ads in the old magazine are still running in the new edition.

THIS IS AN ABSOLUTE PROFIT TEST.
It has to be. People don't continue running ads for over a year unless they're making money at it.

WHY NOT YOU?

Consider these facts:

• It's simple to begin . . . just an hour a week can get you started at home.
• It's inexpensive to begin . . . I'll show you how to place a test ad in a national magazine for only $13.50. Your total starting investment can be less than $25.00.
• You don't have to write a booklet yourself. I'll show you an easy way to get hundreds of different books at wholesale prices or less.
• If your test ad produces even a modest profit you can run wild with it. The whole nation is yours.
• Your profit margin may exceed 1,000%! My wine book cost 36 cents to print yet sold for $3.98.
• It's private. Even if you begin making $75,000.00 a year you can run your entire business from your home or apartment.
• It's safe. Information booklets and newsletters aren't breakable, mechanical or chemical. They're easy to mail in small envelopes and can be stored in a closet.
• You don't have to be a "writer". My first effort was only 14 pages and sold for $1.98. I had it run off for 8¢ a copy. Even so, it pulled in thousands of dollars, month after month.
• The market is almost infinite. My own "best-sellers" include . . . **101 Ways To Fix Hamburger, How To Win Contests, How To Stop Smoking, How To Make Champagne At Home,** and others . . .

I want you to see this for yourself. That's why I put everything . . . every secret . . . in a simple, easy-to-follow beginners guide. It's entitled, **Dollars In Your Mailbox.**

I'll show you . . .

•Where to get hundreds of books wholesale.
•Where to advertise . . . which magazines and newspapers are most profitable.
•Where to get national ads for less than $15.00.
•How to have your own booklets printed for less than 12¢ each.
•How to save 40% on all printing.
•How to get "free" advertising and publicity.
•How to start with no money in stock or supplies.
•How to word your advertisement.
•How to start a newsletter.
•How to rent your mailing list for extra profit.

PLUS

All the forms, lists, and details you'll need to begin.

HERE ARE SOME READER COMMENTS

•" . . . Through the use of Dollars in Your Mailbox I started my own publication. It sold 402 copies in just five days . . . "
J.J., California

•"Super! I'm converting 22% of my inquiries using a classified ad in Rolling Stone magazine."
T.M., Maryland

•"Excellent! I've gotten 600 subscribers to my newsletter in the first year . . . "
V.J., Missouri

•"Enclosed is a pamphlet I wrote after reading Dollars in Your Mailbox. It sold 400 copies from an ad in the Atlanta Journal at $2.00 each . . . "
F.A., Florida

•" . . . the enclosed booklet is one I had printed and have done WELL with . . . Thanks to you!"
R.D., Pennsylvania

•"I can honestly say that your book is the best I've ever read!"
G.R., Arizona

MONEY-BACK GUARANTEE

Again, this is not some kind of get-rich-quick scheme. This amazing business really works. And I'll prove it to you at absolutely no risk to you.

I'll send you a copy of **Dollars in your Mailbox** for 60 days without obligation. A full two months!

You can read it . . . and try it. If you're not satisfied, simply return the book and I'll send you a full refund within 3 working days—no nonsense, no delays.

Our offices are located in Dunkirk, New York. We belong to the Dunkirk Chamber of Commerce. Our telephone number is 716-366-8300. We're there from 9-5 on weekdays.

To receive your copy, just write the title, **Dollars in you Mailbox** on a piece of paper and send it to Green Tree Press, 10576 Temple Road, Dept. 28-1 Dunkirk, New York 14048, together with your check or money order for **$11.95**. If you wish AIR MAIL delivery, please add one dollar. Or you may charge it to your Master-Charge or Visa account. For extra fast service, call us at 716-366-8300 and, give us the credit card information over the phone.

You'll receive my materials for two months at absolutely no risk to you. That is our unconditional guarantee.

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(advertisement)

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SATURDAY REVIEW'S TWENTY-FOURTH ANNUAL ADVERTISING AWARDS

Entries are now being welcomed for *Saturday Review*'s twenty-fourth Annual Awards for "Distinctive Advertising in the Public Interest." The submissions will be judged on the basis of visual excellence, quality of copywriting, and, above all, whether or not the advertisement serves the public as well as the advertiser.

The exact definition of what constitutes "the public interest" will be left to the judges. In the past, we have honored advertisers who try to explain to the public their stands on major issues, as well as advertisers who encourage philanthropic or public-spirited actions. It is *Saturday Review*'s conviction that the quality of a nation's intellectual life and of its publications depends on the contributions of advertisers as well as of editors and writers and that without the contributions of advertisers our national dialogue would be that much poorer.

All submissions must have been published in either a magazine or a newspaper in calendar year 1977. Copies of the advertisement or, in the case of a campaign, advertisements, should be addressed to:

Richard Barthelmes
Associate Publisher
Saturday Review Magazine
1290 Avenue of the Americas
New York, N.Y. 10019

The deadline for submissions is April 1, 1978. The judges will include members of the Advertising and News Editorial faculties of the S.I. Newhouse School of Public Communications at Syracuse University, as well as representatives from the professional community. The winners will be announced in *Saturday Review*'s Midyear Business Review, July 8, 1978.

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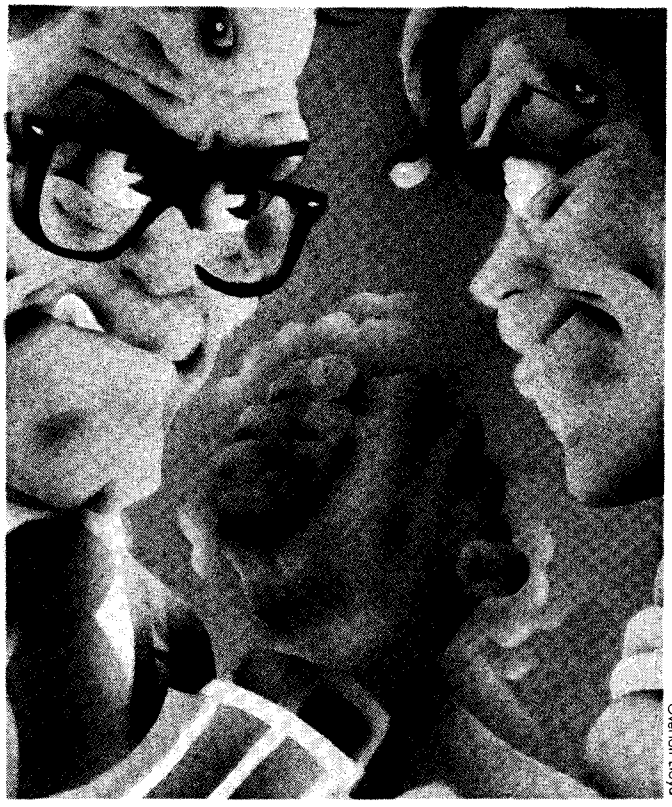
An SR Special Section

THE PUBLIC VS. BIG BUSINESS

Who's Got the Upper Hand?

Big business has long been accused of being unfair and dishonest in its dealings with the very public it is ostensibly in business to serve. Stung by such criticism and fearful of an increasing public hostility, some corporations are beginning to fight back with aggressive advertising designed to win over the public mind; with new and enlightened labor relations policies; and with imaginative efforts at image-building that depend more heavily than ever before on the simple telling of the truth. Other corporations, unhappily, remain in the Dark Ages, oblivious to the growing clamor against them and to the need for change. The articles in the following special section look at the issue of corporate credibility and attempt to chart some ways in which big business can go about improving the situation before, as David W. Ewing warns in our lead article, business replaces government in the dark role of public enemy number one.



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THE CORPORATION AS PUBLIC ENEMY NO. 1

by David W. Ewing

PUBLIC ANGER at corporations is beginning to well up at a frightening rate, bringing with it a dizzying variety of protest movements. Whether the protesters are consumers or environmentalists or whether their targets are the nuclear power, petrochemical, or cotton industries, the aim and the method are essentially the same: focused, purposive, effective opposition to each industry's present and planned operations.

Faced by this onslaught, American industry—used to dealing with predictable union-management squabbling—seems unsure of its next moves. Yet it must decide soon what they will be, for the protest movements are proliferating fast and are beginning to force the pace of things. For example, the organizers of the angry demonstration against nuclear power in Seabrook, New Hampshire, last May, say that this act of massive civil disobedience—which put more than 1,400 people of all ages in jail and goaded Governor Meldrim Thomson, Jr., to make a nationwide appeal for financial donations—will not be the last. They are probably right. Safety scares, health hazards, energy worries, inflation, and unemployment are making industry the target of increasing public frustration. Corporations are beginning to take over from government the dark role of public enemy number one.

But there is a crucial difference in the role as business plays it. Whereas Americans have a constitutional method for controlling Washington and city hall, they have no such method for controlling industry. The corporation cannot be voted out or impeached. In fact, it is difficult even to find a forum in which to criticize an offensive corporation. And so, frustration and indignation against business, or at least certain sectors of it, are building up, like steam in a sealed boiler.

Some officials have called the Seabrook demonstration a storm in a washbowl. They say that once they learn the technique of dealing with "mass arrest situations," they will be able to abort such uprisings. Indeed, they succeeded in keeping the natives in New Hampshire quiet last summer. However, such officials fail to see that they are dealing not with a few waves of anger but with an inexorable and steadily-rising tide. Not for long will Seabrook stand as the high-water mark of public protest.

Governor Thomson intimated that the demonstrators were terrorists, and one of his supporters, William Loeb, New Hampshire's most powerful, if not most discerning, newspaper publisher, alleged that the demonstrators were "useful idiots," "shock troops" for Communist planners lurking in the background. Both men overlooked the fact that for some time a deep and ubiquitous public anger has been growing against the nuclear power industry.

Several years ago, Carl Houston, an engineer for Stone and Webster Engineering Company, criticized the pipe-welding in an atomic power plant; he pointed out that a defect in the welding could cause a disaster. For his dissidence, he paid the supreme economic penalty, what is called "termination" in the chilly jargon of personnel management, but he won a round of public applause. In the winter of 1974, a young man named Samuel H. Lovejoy gained acclaim for toppling a 500-

foot-high tower, part of a planned nuclear power plant to be constructed by Northeast Utilities. In 1976, three management level engineers in General Electric's nuclear energy division, in San Jose, California, resigned in order to campaign publicly against nuclear power construction; they were lauded from coast to coast. In the spring of 1977, a cheer rose for the Nuclear Regulatory Commission when, for the first time, it sought sanctions against a nuclear producer (Nuclear Engineering, in Nevada) for violating safety regulations. There are 63 nuclear plants operating in the United States, asserts the Union of Concerned Scientists, and they have a history checkered with malfunctions of major equipment, design defects, and operator errors.

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But the nuclear industry does not stand alone as an object of public suspicion. Petrochemical companies are in the rogues' gallery, too. "We may be facing an epidemic of environmental cancer, induced by past, irremediable exposures to petrochemicals," says Barry Commoner, a writer-biologist with a large following. The highest incidence of bladder cancer in the United States occurs in Salem County, New Jersey, an area that happens to be full of oil refineries and petrochemical plants. Another chemical, a soil fumigant called DBCP, is being investigated by the government because of evidence that it may cause sterility among workers.

Producers of other chemicals are accused of polluting the air, rivers, and lakes. In 1975, the Environmental Protection Agency shut down a company—which was, ironically, named Life Science Products Company—for, among other things, allowing the toxic pesticide Kepone to pile up in mounds around its plant at Hopewell, Virginia. When the wind was right, it blew Kepone over the surrounding neighborhood.

Coal producers are hated for contributing to underground disasters. Cotton producers have created alarm by adhering to production methods that cause byssinosis, or "brown lung" disease, which slowly and painfully robs its victims of their ability to breathe.

On and on the lugubrious litany goes. All told, the National Institute for Occupational Safety and Health identifies more than 20,000 products containing federally regulated toxic substances and 427 products containing cancer-causing agents.

As if health and safety hazards were not enough, corporations are also blamed for a sizable share of inflation and unemployment. Topping the indictment, consumer indignation about faulty products seems to be growing.

Early in 1977, the Marketing Science Institute, a research affiliate of the Harvard Business School, teamed up with the public opinion firm of Louis Harris and Associates to survey 1,500 consumers in person, along with many hundreds of organizations and public leadership groups. The findings have sent tremors throughout the corporate world. About half of the consumers polled believe they are getting a worse deal in the marketplace than they did a decade ago. About three in five feel that the quality of most products has deteriorated during the past 10 years. More than half are cynical about product guarantees and warranties. A majority believe product life has been diminishing and will continue to diminish. Experts wonder if such attitudes will worsen. "It feels," one worried businessman told me, "like sitting on a San Andreas fault."

What haunts many people is the invisibility of the menaces. Product defects often cannot be discovered until after an accident occurs. Cancer caused by exposure to petrochemicals may take 10 or more years to become apparent. At Seabrook, one group of demonstrators wrote a letter to newspaper reporters from their makeshift prison. "Radioactivity is a silent and invisible killer," they wrote. "You cannot see it, hear it, or taste it." The atomic process is a mystery to all but a few experts—even its "ashes" are invisible.

The result is that growing numbers of people are not simply disenchanted, irritated, or angry, but they are irrationally and erratically afraid of new technologies and business ventures. This important characteristic of the protest movement is sensed intuitively by many state and corporate officials and probably accounts for their tendency to overreact sometimes, as they did in New Hampshire in response to the Seabrook demonstrations.

However, a second important characteristic of the protest movement seems to be overlooked by officials everywhere. It is the innocence of the protesters. They have no ideology. They offer no agreed-upon alternative to what they want to tear down. The assertions of Governor Thomson and others notwithstanding, the protesters have no alliance with Communist groups, anticapitalists, underground terrorists, campus radicals, or union militants. The only thing that unites them is a childlike desire to topple the pillar of blocks. They want down with the computerized plants that threaten them, down with the ominous towers, down with the mysterious black boxes, out with the toxic substances and gases. The fact that they offer no alternative program does not bother them. They want just to expel, to purify.

And they may be willing to risk penalties without hope of reward. This is the third important characteristic, also not generally recognized. At Seabrook, the demonstrators were not prepared for the physical ball game Governor Thomson decided to play, but when they saw what was coming—being dragged into overcrowded "meat trucks," days of stewing in makeshift prisons—they were undeterred. Similarly, the dissident engineers at General Electric were undeterred by the realization that the inside they had been enjoying was warm, high-paying, and prestigious, while the outside they would be forced into was cold and iffy.

It is incomprehensible to government and business officials that any but madmen can act without hope of reward. This is why, with J. Edgar Hoover-like earnestness, they keep sleuthing for Communist ties. Ironically, the Communist authorities overseas accuse their own dissidents, such as Solzhenitsyn, exiled from the Soviet Union, and Mihailov, imprisoned in Yugoslavia, of anti-Communist ties. What authorities on neither side find possible to accept is the willingness of some dissidents to reject materialism—if necessary, to renounce societal rewards—in order to find the inner freedom of soul that comes to those who feel obligated and "enslaved" to no one in power.

THESE ARE a few of the facts that suggest we are dealing with a condition, a state of disaffection, in America that is new to industry and government leaders and that is without a major precedent in this country.

The scholarly definition of the new condition was coined years ago by a European social scientist, Max Scheler. It is *ressentiment*. The term stands for a good deal more than the simple American equivalent, "resentment." It stands for massive, pent-up anger that cannot express itself except by exploding. "*Ressentiment*," says opinion analyst Daniel Yankelovich, an interpreter of Scheler's concept, "refers not only to an intensity of negative feelings in relationship to authority but to—and this is of the essence—feelings that are bottled up, suppressed, prevented from overt expression." *Ressentiment* does not reform or lead to new directions; it only maims or destroys. Yankelovich points to such historical examples as the Reign of Terror in revolutionary France, the Shanghai uprising of 1927, and the unrest in Germany in the 1920s and the early 1930s, which paved the way for Hitler. On the other hand, neither the Russian nor the American revolution is an example of *ressentiment*, for in both countries the revolutionaries fought for new ideologies.

In American political life, *ressentiment* is virtually un-

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"Man is small; the corporation is big; and one who criticizes the corporation, to paraphrase Shakespeare, troubles deaf heaven with his bootless cries."

known. Even during the Great Depression of the 1930s, the Vietnam War, and the Watergate crisis, it was not in evidence. Yankelovich notes that opinion surveys during those periods showed enormous dissatisfaction with the way things were going, but in general the public felt that it was able to vent its frustrations. Also, and this is a crucial difference, people did not feel victimized in their personal lives. Large numbers were not embittered as a result of frustrated hopes and thwarted plans. Polls showed a sense of detachment toward the Vietnam War, for all of the national desire to get it over with. The polls also showed that 8 out of 10 families, however disquieted by Watergate, felt they personally were doing well during the period just before President Nixon's resignation.

In economic life, by contrast, the story is different. Here, we have already seen some traces of *ressentiment*, as in the burning of black ghettoes in Watts, Detroit, and Washington, D.C., in the 1960s. More important, in industry two decisive conditions exist that make angry and irrational disaffection possible. In fact, it may be an understatement to say that these conditions only exist, since one of them, as we shall see presently, is consciously, systematically nurtured.

First, the anger and the fear are personal—there is no sense of detachment. If the citizens of a town dread the possibility of an explosion at the power plant, each fears it is "my house" that will be leveled. If they worry about getting cancer as a result of exposure to petrochemical substances, each worries it is "my bladder" that is in danger. If the employees of a cotton mill are anxious about brown lung disease, each believes it is "my breathing" that is threatened.

Second, people feel helpless to control the modern corporation. It is private property, isn't it, accountable not to the community but to anonymous stockholders? How does one get to the corporation's president, and who is he? Who is on the mysterious board of directors that elects him—aren't they mostly out-of-state bankers and lawyers? Man is small; the corporation is big; and one who criticizes the corporation, to paraphrase Shakespeare, troubles deaf heaven with his bootless cries. Of course, it is no problem to write and to get a polite reply from the public relations department, but how does one manage to get a live confrontation with a top-level executive?

This condition makes it necessary for critics to "act out" their hostility—as a psychologist would say—because they can't talk it out. Some years ago, a mystery commando in Chicago called "The Fox" moved many people to cheers when, aided by night and weekend business inactivity, he would stop up the smokestacks and drainpipes of companies that were polluting the city. Once, he left sludge and a dead fish on the cream-colored rug of a steel company executive. The Fox was lionized because he acted out a widespread public frustration—the inability to influence the corporation by words. Only reporter Mike Royko, it is said, knew the hero's identity.

Insulation from public influence and control is a factor of *ressentiment* that many companies seem bent on cultivating, though they may do so unintentionally. The top executive tends to avoid confrontation with the public, finding it a nasty business that may soil his or her image. When he is seen, it is through a glass darkly—in the back of a limousine leaving a downtown office, in a commuter train with his briefcase sitting like a pencil box on his lap, behind a distant desk in a steel-and-glass office building.

One might suppose that a corporation's employees would be able to question management directly, but this is not so. Most companies have no procedure for the dissident who wants to speak up without being penalized. In theory, unions should provide such a procedure, but union membership has dwindled to less than a quarter of the work force. Besides, where unions do exist, they often seem preoccupied with the struggle for improvements in pay, fringe benefits, and working conditions. In fact, in one celebrated case of whistle-blowing, *Holodnak* v. *Avco,* in 1974, the union sided with management at the arbitration hearing by rejecting the complaint of a worker who had been fired for criticizing company policies. The dissident had to take his case to court.

Most corporate leaders are not yet willing to grant a distinction between employee criticism of operating decisions, which is an intrusion on management and interferes with efficiency, and employee criticism of unethical and irresponsible practices, which is not such an interference. From high in the corporate crow's nest, whistle-blowing is thought of as an act of disloyalty. "If I were to speak out against the questionable acts of this company," a chemical engineer once told me, "it would be like bleeding near sharks."

The statement is not as farfetched as it may sound. The dangers of swimming out of line in the corporate deep are well documented. George Geary, a veteran salesman of a large steel corporation, was summarily fired for sounding off about the safety of a new tubing, even though he based his fears on experience and took pains to take his complaint through the proper channels. Stanton P. Johnston, a 27-year-employee of a midwestern insurance company, discovered what appeared to be a major embezzlement in the firm, made waves about it, and was fired. Louis V. McIntire, a veteran chemist of a large chemical concern in the Southwest, wrote (with his wife) a novel that spoke critically of a fictional organization like his employer's and was fired. Writers Ralph Nader and John Abbotts suggest that it was by design, not by accident, that Karen Silkwood, an employee of a large nuclear power corporation who complained about unsafe radiation levels and safety violations, met sudden death on an Oklahoma highway, in 1974, while taking data to outside investigators. Film producer Bud Hirsch recently bested the company in a court fight to make a movie about the Silkwood case without revealing his confidential sources.

When an employee deviates from management's expectations of loyalty and propriety, said William W. Wheeler, erstwhile head of Phillips Petroleum, in a nationally televised documentary, "the rest of the pack turns against him."

As a result of their insulation from community and employee control, corporations appear to much of the public as castles on a well-defended archipelago. While in generations past this insularity might have been tolerated out of respect for authority, it is not today. Revelations of corporate payoffs,

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embezzlement schemes, and other business scandals of recent years, to say nothing of Watergate, have seen to that.

In addition, Americans resent their dependence on the corporation. They see themselves as living off an ever-decreasing number of industrial conglomerates, service chains, retail systems, and agribusinesses. Daniel D. Dorritie, a Pennsylvania educator, calls our age "a period of neofeudalism, where the ownership of the means of livelihood, as in medieval times, is concentrated in the hands of a very few."

ADMITTEDLY we have been examining only the threatening side of the corporate situation. One may recall Mark Twain's remark on hearing some music by Wagner that "it *can't* be as bad as it sounds." The portents of economic *ressentiment*, too, can sound worse than they really are. Thousands of small companies are as accepted in the community as are the library and the Elks. So are a few large concerns. The question arises, Are these companies doing something different than what "public enemy" corporations are doing?

The answer is yes—and it is instructive. But at the outset, one possible explanation must be discounted. The companies that are winning public acceptance are not doing so by turning the clock back, by repudiating new technologies and growth in favor of the "back to earth" movement or the philosophy that "small is beautiful." Some of them are technological

Overton Lloyd

leaders, some are seeking to expand, if they have not done so already. Thus, they are making no effort to abolish the first condition of *ressentiment*: public concern about the hazards of new technologies and of economic power (though, of course, companies try to reduce such concern by prudent planning).

Where they are making headway is in dealing with the second condition: public frustration in trying to influence the corporation. Typically, they begin with their own employees, since these people—whether a dozen or so, as in the case of a small firm, or hundreds of thousands, as in the case of a behemoth—are a sample of the community.

They may begin with simple physical contact and personal visibility. Here, the small companies have a big advantage. John F. Donnelly, head of Donnelly Mirrors, in Holland, Michigan, an astonishingly successful David among the Goliaths in the auto supply industry, spends much of his time outside his modest office, working with employees in the noise and confusion of the factory and in their own meeting rooms. Everybody knows he's the boss, but his willingness to bow to the majority's will is also apparent. For years he sat on the company's most powerful employee-policy board without a vote, bowing to the consensus that he had enough power already. Most important, he keeps two-way visibility between himself and several hundred members of the Holland community.

A much larger company that tries to avoid walls between managers and workers is the Lincoln Electric Company, in Cleveland (annual sales, close to $300 million). Instead of disappearing into exclusive dining rooms at lunch, its executives join others in the company cafeteria; the one concession to royalty is a table reserved at the very center of the hubbub for the company president and guests when they have a working lunch.

In many companies there is a growing rejection of the chain of command, a feeling that this age-old device of leadership is too military and, for all the comfort it gives the corporate pooh-bahs, too likely to insulate them. Such a conviction may lead to the formation of joint labor-management committees for decision-making. These committees bring shopworkers together with plant officials to solve workaday problems. According to William L. Batt, Jr., and Edgar Weinberg, of the National Center for Productivity and Quality of Working Life, more than 100 plants of about 90 companies have joint committees. The groups do more than solve production problems. They reduce mutual suspicions and antagonisms. Without question, they make companies more responsive to community feelings about safety, health, pollution, and other concerns.

But these steps may not go far enough. A small but influential minority of business leaders wake up at night with the uneasy feeling that their organizations are "un-American." Five years ago U.S. Senator Charles Percy, of Illinois, talked with a group of striking auto workers and found a deep anger among them. One worker told Percy: "Every time I passed through those plant gates to go to work, I left America and my rights as a free man. I spent nine hours in there, in prison, and then came out into my country again."

As a result, we are seeing a new kind of innovation in industry—an innovation in rights of a constitutional nature, as contrasted with the more familiar innovation that has gone on in technology and collective bargaining. A few leading corporations are renouncing their traditional prerogative to suppress criticism and whistle-blowing by firing employees who speak out. The person who "commits the truth," as Pentagon whistle blower A. Ernest Fitzgerald once put it, is not seen as a traitor. It is even permissible to "commit a criticism," if this can be done in good faith and without upsetting normal operations.

One big division of General Electric operates a "hot line" for employees who have questions, worries, or wrongdoing to report. More than 100,000 calls were received and answered last year. New England Telephone operates a similar kind of system called "Private Lines." The employee can remain anonymous and can challenge management even in such

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highly sensitive areas as discrimination and dishonesty. All questions are answered promptly, either by the Private Lines staff or by company officials.

Dow Chemical and American Airlines open pages of their company publications to employee criticisms and questions. Embarrassing letters are published—accusations of management featherbedding, sham in labor relations, stupid supervisory practices. The official responses don't always satisfy the critics, but there is no doubt that the criticisms are heard, sometimes loud and clear. I know of no evidence that critics, when they give their names, have been penalized.

Delta Airlines holds regular meetings in different locations with its 28,000 employees. After supervisors and foremen have been excused, top officials ask the workers, "What's bothering you?" Questions can be submitted anonymously by card. All queries are answered on the spot or posted on bulletin boards as soon as possible after a meeting.

Another important innovation is due process. In a corporation, due process doesn't mean a court hearing, with all the trappings of robed judges, licensed attorneys, and rules of evidence. The term refers instead to a more informal—but swifter and potentially fairer—procedure.

Polaroid Corporation, with about 12,000 nonunion employees, has a hearing procedure for workers who feel they have been wronged by their superiors. The judges are workers elected from the ranks; the complainant can have someone else act as counsel; and if the complainant loses and is not satisfied with the judgment, he can turn next to an arbitration procedure.

A division of Xerox Corporation employs an ombudsman to investigate cases of wrongdoing. If the ombudsman cannot rectify the problem himself, he presents the facts to a senior executive who can. IBM has two systems—one called "Open Door" and the other "Speak Up!"—for bringing employee complaints to the attention of top management investigators. IBM also has what may be the most advanced privacy code of any organization, public or private, in the world.

In addition, almost all unionized companies provide for arbitration of employee grievances. However, rights of a constitutional nature may not be included in the collective bargaining agreements that specify the scope of arbitration. Also, six or seven months may elapse before an arbitrator can hear a case.

Due process is a momentous development in the corporate society. It means that an honest, well-meaning critic can be protected from harassment or discharge despite the pressure put on superiors to increase profits. The veteran engineer who questions the safety specifications of a reactor is not at the mercy of some middle-management tyrant who has been counting on keeping costs down by cutting corners. The thoughtful supervisor who first questions the cancer danger of a new chemical process is not, like an early Christian, thrown to the lions because his message displeases someone in power.

In the boardroom, the meeting place of the elite, a few companies seek to make themselves more responsive to public sentiment. The bored board, as Peter Drucker once called it, is waking up to find in its midst new members who are not old cronies but outsiders who sometimes are—hold your hats for this one— even able blacks and women. A recent survey by the firm of Burson-Marsteller shows that one in six of the nation's 1,300 largest companies now has a woman on the board. This isn't very many, but it's one in six more than there was a decade ago.

Obviously, an outside director cannot hope to look deeply into a business in just a few days a year. But he or she is a symbol of openness at the top, of rejection of the closed-club syndrome. Several decades ago the precocious Murray D. Lincoln (no relation to the founder of Lincoln Electric), after democratizing the board of his own great company, Nationwide Insurance, told the disbelieving head of another large corporation: "Society isn't going to let a few of you guys sit on top of three hundred and fifty million dollars and pass around the directorships to your friends and golf partners." He was right.

Society also isn't going to let a company work only for the profit of its stockholders. The first Henry Ford saw this many years ago; the realization inspired two of his great decisions: to set a minimum wage for employees, the first ever set ($5 per day, in 1914), and to price the Model T low enough for the average family to buy. "For a long time, people believed that the only purpose of industry was to make a profit," Ford said. "They were wrong. Its purpose is the general welfare." A company that seeks only to gratify its stockholders is almost as vulnerable as a playwright who seeks only to please his producers.

Looking ahead, one can imagine alternative scenarios as alike as life and death. In one, *ressentiment* is only a shadow in the background because people feel that they are in daily touch with the corporation and its rulers. In the media, corporate heads appear often, just as mayors, governors, and agency heads do. They are praised, criticized, analyzed, debated, lionized, maligned, just as their counterparts in public life are. Tempers sometimes run high in controversies over the acts of this nuclear power producer or that chemical manufacturer, but temperatures never reach the boiling point.

In the other possible scenario, the situation is reversed. Here, corporations and their leaders are shadows in the background, hard to reach, hard to identify. They leave public contact to underlings and, increasingly, to computers that both write letters and simulate the human voice over the telephone. Everywhere there is repressed public anger, but it is waiting, waiting. It waits not for the opportunity to destroy physically, for that is deemed stupid, but for the opportunity to destroy politically.

A Man on a White Horse arrives on the scene. In his campaign he appeals to all the repressed hates. Close down the dangerous plants—we can get along without them. Nationalize the profit-greedy giants. Flush the top corpocrats out of their secret offices and put them on trial. Tax their exclusive clubs out of existence. It's a Bonnie and Clyde style of economics that he preaches, and deep down it doesn't make much sense to Americans, but nobody wants to examine his motives too closely. People just want to get rid of the corporation, to show its leaders what they think of it. It has no chance against the rising tide of *ressentiment*, despite its many achievements, despite its being the envy of economies abroad. And so the demagogue wins at the polls, not in a close contest, but by a landslide. ◉

David W. Ewing is the executive editor of planning at the Harvard Business Review *and the author of a new book,* Freedom Inside the Organization: Bringing Civil Liberties to the Work Place, *published by E. P. Dutton.*

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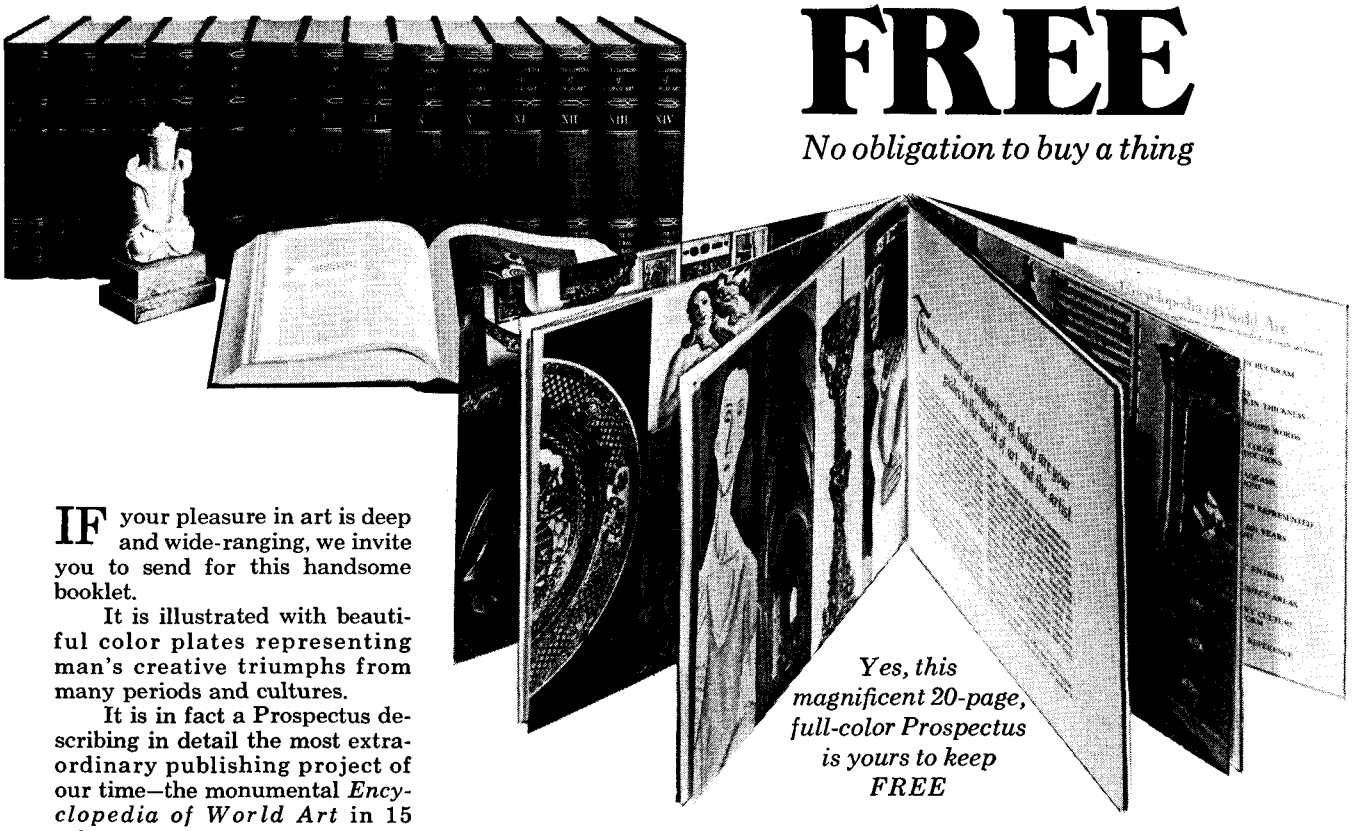

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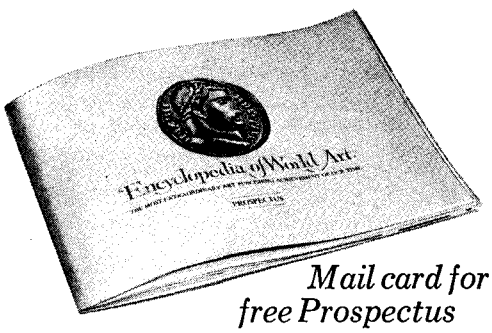

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the report that briefs you on what to watch

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Linus Pauling, Ph.D.

VITAMIN C AND HEART DISEASE

Can vitamin C protect you, and how much should you take?

Heart disease and related diseases of the circulatory system are the main cause of death in the United States. Over one million people die of these diseases each year, and probably more than five million people now living are suffering from them in a significant way.

There is no doubt that heart disease is related to the diet. In the 1976 Congressional Hearings on the relation between diet and disease the nation's top health officer, Dr. Theodore Cooper (Assistant Secretary for Health in the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare), stated that

> "While scientists do not yet agree on the specific causal relationships, evidence is mounting and there appears to be general agreement that the kinds and amount of food and beverages we consume and the style of living common in our generally affluent, sedentary society may be the major factors associated with the cause of cancer, cardiovascular disease, and other chronic illnesses."

For about 25 years the major culprits in cardiovascular disease have been thought to be saturated fats, cholesterol, and related fat-like substances (lipids). A tremendous campaign has been waged to promote diets with low cholesterol, low saturated fat, and increased polyunsaturated fat. Despite this campaign, the death rate from cardiovascular disease has remained constant during the last 25 years, and it now seems to be almost certain that the assumption that heart disease is caused by a high intake of saturated fats and cholesterol is wrong.

This development does not mean that diet is not important. A high intake of ordinary sugar greatly increases the incidence of cardiovascular disease (see "Sugar: Sweet and Dangerous" in *Executive Health*, Volume 9, Number 1, 1972). Moreover, much evidence has been gathered recently to show that cardiovascular disease can be controlled to a considerable extent by the proper use of vitamin C.

What is cardiovascular disease?

The general term cardiovascular disease comprises various diseases of the heart and blood vessels. Arterio-

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INDUSTRY FIGHTS BACK

The Debate over Advocacy Advertising

Should corporations run paid ads that take sides on important public issues? Such "advocacy advertising" has lately stirred up a hot controversy: Its critics call for strong regulation to keep such ads from veering over into deceptive corporate propaganda; its proponents counter by saying that advocacy advertising is an indispensable means of communicating industry's view to the public and that free speech of this kind should not be subject to restraints. To argue th merits of this tricky public issue, SR *has called on two au thorities: S. Prakash Sethi, professor of international busi ness at the University of Texas at Dallas and author o* Advocacy Advertising and Large Corporations, *and Herber Schmertz, director and vice-president of the Mobil Oil Cor poration, in charge of public affairs.*

The past decade has seen a marked increase in corporate use of advocacy advertising. Why the sudden shift from the more traditional methods of product promotion?

Sethi: The sociopolitical environment of business in the United States has deteriorated significantly in the past two decades, with business institutions suffering a marked decline in credibility and in public trust. There is a widely held conviction among business people that business as a whole has been maligned and that skepticism and distrust can be attributed to the public's ignorance of business's contributions to society, to inadequate coverage by and antibusiness bias among segments of the news media, and to the inflammatory rhetoric of certain "public interest" groups that are ideologically opposed to the free enterprise system.

One of the ways in which business institutions, especially large corporations, have been attempting to counteract this negative situation is through publicity campaigns called "advocacy advertising." These campaigns support the position and interests of the sponsors while expressly downgrading the sponsors' opponents by denying the accuracy of their facts.

This aggressive business posture reflects the feeling that traditional responses to criticism—either ignoring unwarranted or uninformed attacks or defensively explaining one's position each time an attack comes—have been failures. The feeling is, therefore, that business must resort to other measures to narrow the legitimacy gap in order to claim its share of society's material and human resources.

Schmertz: For a free society to survive, the public must have access to the widest spectrum of news, facts, and opinions. In 1970 it was our view that business in general, and the oil companies in particular, was failing in its obligation to inform the public. This was especially true in three areas.

First, we recognized that the United States, the world's largest energy user, was heading toward a shortage of deliverable energy. (Our first message, for example, promoted mass transit as an energy saver.)

Second, we felt that litigation, legislation, and regulation were creating problems for our nation by impeding energy production and by raising energy costs.

Third, there seemed to be little understanding of the impend ing energy deliverability crisis, of business economics, an of the contributions made by private enterprise among th press, the Congress, and the public. A growing number c polls indicated that the oil industry and big business wer losing public esteem and understanding. The size and com plexity of the oil companies made it difficult for people t understand them and also made our industry an outstandin target for demagoguery.

This failure to inform the public was not entirely the fault c industry. Most members of the communications media wi readily admit their lack of interest in and understanding c business and economic news; they do not cover these issue properly. And on one medium—television—the network won't even allow industry to express its views on anythin they consider controversial unless they can tightly contro the format.

So, Mobil sought to foster a dialogue by expanding th spectrum of views, opinions, and facts and by alerting peopl to the dangers that threatened the economic health of th nation.

By what means can one measure the effectiveness of ad vocacy advertising?

Sethi: Precise measurements of effectiveness are not possibl because advocacy advertising does not operate in a vacuun Its contributions can be measured only as part of an overa business plan to change the public's perception of and att tudes toward business's performance. There is, however, hi torical evidence that shows that an earlier, billion-dollar effo by industry, during and after the Second World War, to se business to America was an utter failure.

Opinion polls do not show any perceptible change in th public's trust in business resulting from industry's intensiv advocacy campaigns during the past five years. Nor do we se a more hospitable legislative or regulatory environment fo business positions. The most aggressive and in many way vitriolic advocacy campaign of the current genre was that c

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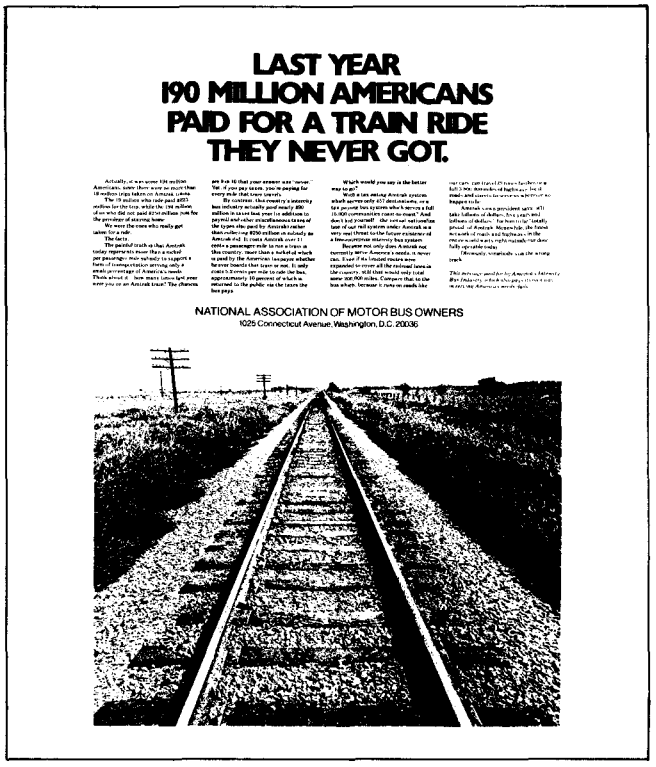
:he American Electric Power Company against the installa-:ion of scrubbers in the smokestacks of electric power plants. That campaign also did not succeed in changing either the law or the Environmental Protection Agency regulations.

Incredible as it may seem, none of the major companies nterviewed by this writer admitted to conducting any track-ng studies of their advocacy campaigns. Their response was hat public education is a long-term proposition and that they ire therefore not interested in short-term measurements of eadership, message recall, or believability. There may be two other reasons why the companies did not admit to conducting racking studies: If advocacy campaigns had been proved effective, this might have bolstered corporations' critics into aking more active positions. And those critics might have orced companies to undertake more substantive measures to change corporate behavior, which current managements were either unwilling or unable to pursue.

Schmertz: To measure effectiveness, you first have to define he target audience. Irving Kristol has said of Mobil's ads that 'they are written for those who write the newspapers, not for hose who read them." In part, this is true. By and large, our nessage is for opinion leaders and intellectuals. Changes in public attitudes generally reflect changes in this group.

At Mobil, we have seen evidence of a significant improve-nent in the attitudes of opinion leaders on issues we have been discussing in our messages. For example, a poll of opin-on leaders in Washington, D.C., demonstrated a marked change in their attitudes toward the oil industry between 1973 and 1977. They now agree with most industry views on energy natters. One reason for the improved attitudes, says the poll-ng organization, is "major public affairs communications efforts by oil companies," and Mobil is cited as the leader of his effort.

A Harris poll conducted in April 1976 showed that Mobil, among the seven oil companies included in the survey, ranked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highest in public perception as a company that has consumer interests in mind; is helping to improve the quality of life; is seriously concerned about the energy problem; is committed to free enterprise; is working for good government; and is honest and direct in talking to consumers.

This was a broad survey, involving a national cross section of the American public, rather than a limited group of opinion leaders. From our point of view, it reflects a real change in public attitudes.

But polls are only one measure. We have also gotten our messages before the legislators, and apparently they are hearing what we say. In this area, we have seen the rejection of oil divestiture legislation, the tabling of an ill-conceived offshore drilling bill, substantial changes in the President's energy plan, and a realistic auto emissions bill. We have also finally laid to rest the myth of "obscene" oil industry profits. Of equal importance is the success we have had in making the press more responsive and responsible. We constantly see our ideas incorporated in editorials, and we know the press will be more careful before it attacks us because we will answer back.

Perhaps the best sign of our effectiveness has been the thinly veiled attempts by some legislators to stifle us and thereby deny us our rights under the First Amendment.

What does advocacy advertising tell us about how corporations perceive their public? Conversely, how does this type of advertising affect the public's perception of business and its role in society?

Sethi: Business argues that advocacy advertising is needed to foster free enterprise values that have been eroded by the welfare state and by the sapping of the individual's initiative and freedom and work ethic. There is also the conviction that public attitudes will change once people have been informed of and educated about the virtues of the American business system. *Continued*

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At Bethlehem Steel, we work hard—every day—to control pollution. But the cost is high. We've already spent approximately $400 million to clean up a major portion of the pollutants from the air and water we use. We consider this money well spent.
$600 million more
In an effort to meet existing pollution control laws and regulations, we have many more projects under way or anticipated in the near future. These projects are expected to cost us some $600 million over the next five years.
Where does that leave us?
Depending upon how far regulatory agencies go in stringent interpretation of the present laws and regulations, we may be faced with spending hundreds of millions more to try to remove the last traces of pollution. We do not think that this would be money well spent.
Attempting to remove the last increment of pollution involves new and uncertain technology. The attempt will consume a considerable amount of scarce energy and natural resources. And, in many cases, it will merely transfer pollution problems to the power companies or chemical manufacturers.
Is it time for a rearrangement of priorities?
We are faced as a nation with troublesome alternatives. Do we continue our headlong rush to implement some of the air and water clean-up standards that have yet to be proved necessary—or even sound—or shall we give equal consideration to jobs, our energy requirements, capital needs, and other demands for social priorities?
We believe the national interest now requires that we face up to the dual necessity of preserving our environment while at the same time assuring our economic progress.
Our booklet, "Steelmaking and the Environment," tells more about the problems of pollution and what we're doing to help solve them. For a free copy, write: Public Affairs Dept., Room 476 WSJ, Bethlehem Steel Corp., Bethlehem, PA 18016.
400 MILLION
$1? BILLION
Bethlehem

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However, both these arguments are highly flawed and counterproductive. The modern large corporation bears no resemblance to the classical models of competitive marketing, private enterprise, and individualism. Thus, to seek legitimacy through traditional ideological values would be to make corporations vulnerable to attack on their own ground. Corporate behavior abounds with internal inconsistencies. The same corporations that decry the decline of the American capitalistic system are quick to ask for government regulation to preserve their own positions and to restrain competition.

The argument of economic illiteracy is not sustainable either. In a survey conducted in 1976 by Compton Advertising, a large majority of respondents correctly answered a series of seven factual questions dealing with their understanding of economic issues. And there is no evidence that people with greater education in and knowledge of economics have a more favorable attitude toward business.

The public's view of advocacy advertising has to be somewhat jaundiced. Advocacy advertising is aimed at opinion makers who are well informed and well educated. Simplistic, self-congratulatory, or one-sided messages are not likely to be very credible. The image that business and business institutions would like to project is not exactly congruent with reality as business knows it and as the public experiences it. Thus, business behavior must bear some positive relation to business rhetoric before it can have any influence on public attitudes.

Schmertz: Style, tone, content, and intellectual quality of advertising tell us a great deal about corporate perception of the public: If you see advocacy advertising that consists of simpleminded platitudes and truisms, you can probably infer a corporate perception of a public with a low level of economic and political literacy. If you see clear, candid, issue-oriented advertising, written for a literate, logical, and well-informed public, you can infer a high respect for the interest and intelligence of the public.

As to the second question, we believe the public has always been puzzled by the traditional business practice of ignoring criticism and attack. "Maintaining a low profile" while under attack—especially an unfair attack—is not really the American style; it implies there is something to hide. Advocacy advertising thus restores a balance. The public is by now fairly comfortable with the practices of pluralism: the idea that in our society all segments must speak out for their interests, so that the democratic process will operate to select the best course of action. What would surprise the public, we believe, would be the failure of business to speak out on issues that greatly affect its ability to thrive.

Ought the corporations' objective be to present balanced and objective presentations of complex issues or to present just the corporate side as a means of combating adverse criticism from the government and the press?

Sethi: Most corporations defend one-sided presentations on the grounds that the news media provide ample coverage to corporations' critics; that it is not feasible or desirable to expect corporations to present their opponents' viewpoints; and that the information balance is effected in the marketplace of ideas, where different groups present their cases. These arguments are only partially true. News media can never cover a story to the satisfaction of every group that might be the subject of public criticism. The corporations' charge of inadequate coverage by the media is generally confined to some liberal newspapers, for example, *The New York Times*, and to the broadcast media. However, a similar argument can be leveled by corporations' critics against such business-oriented news media as *The Wall Street Journal*, *Barron's*, and *Business Week*.

Nor do the corporations do a satisfactory job of explaining even the general business viewpoint in a manner that is informative. With few exceptions, issues are presented with catchy headlines and simple messages. The primary emphasis is on reinforcing the sponsors' positions and on seeking support for the established business interests, which may not necessarily be good, either for the economy or for society.

Schmertz: One of the major reasons for the growth of advocacy advertising has been the failure of the media to cover complex issues fully and accurately. Most journalists don't have the time, the ability, or the resources to do so. It is that lack—not a liberal or conservative bias, but a bias toward simplification and distortion—that cries out to be corrected by advertising programs.

Companies knowledgeable about current issues can lead in the attempt to explain them and thereby stimulate debate about them. They should not go on to conduct the debate by arguing both sides.

Is it possible that the corporation's right to speak freely will be abused because of paid access to the media? Are any safeguards necessary to ensure objective and balanced presentations? Is there a need to promote the opposing viewpoint? If so, how might it be done?

Sethi: No system based on free expression can be totally protected from abuses and excesses except by total prohibition, which is self-defeating. It is a democratic imperative that we foster the widest possible exchange of ideas and expression of viewpoints. The diversity of the news media ensures that a rough equity exists in the public communications space.

Corporations argue that paid advocacy advertising would not change this balance but would instead restore it. This argument doesn't stand up. Journalists and reporters cannot be expected to counteract each and every point made by the corporations in advocacy ads. To do so would be tantamount to allowing the advertisers to determine the agenda for what will be reported in the media. Thus, a significant increase in the use of advocacy advertising could likely have the cumulative effect of denying other viewpoints adequate access to the media.

Critics have argued that this type of advertising should be subject to government regulation and that corporations should be required to substantiate their claims or provide proof of the accuracy of statements made in their advertisements. I believe this is highly undesirable and should be strongly resisted. Since advocacy advertising deals with

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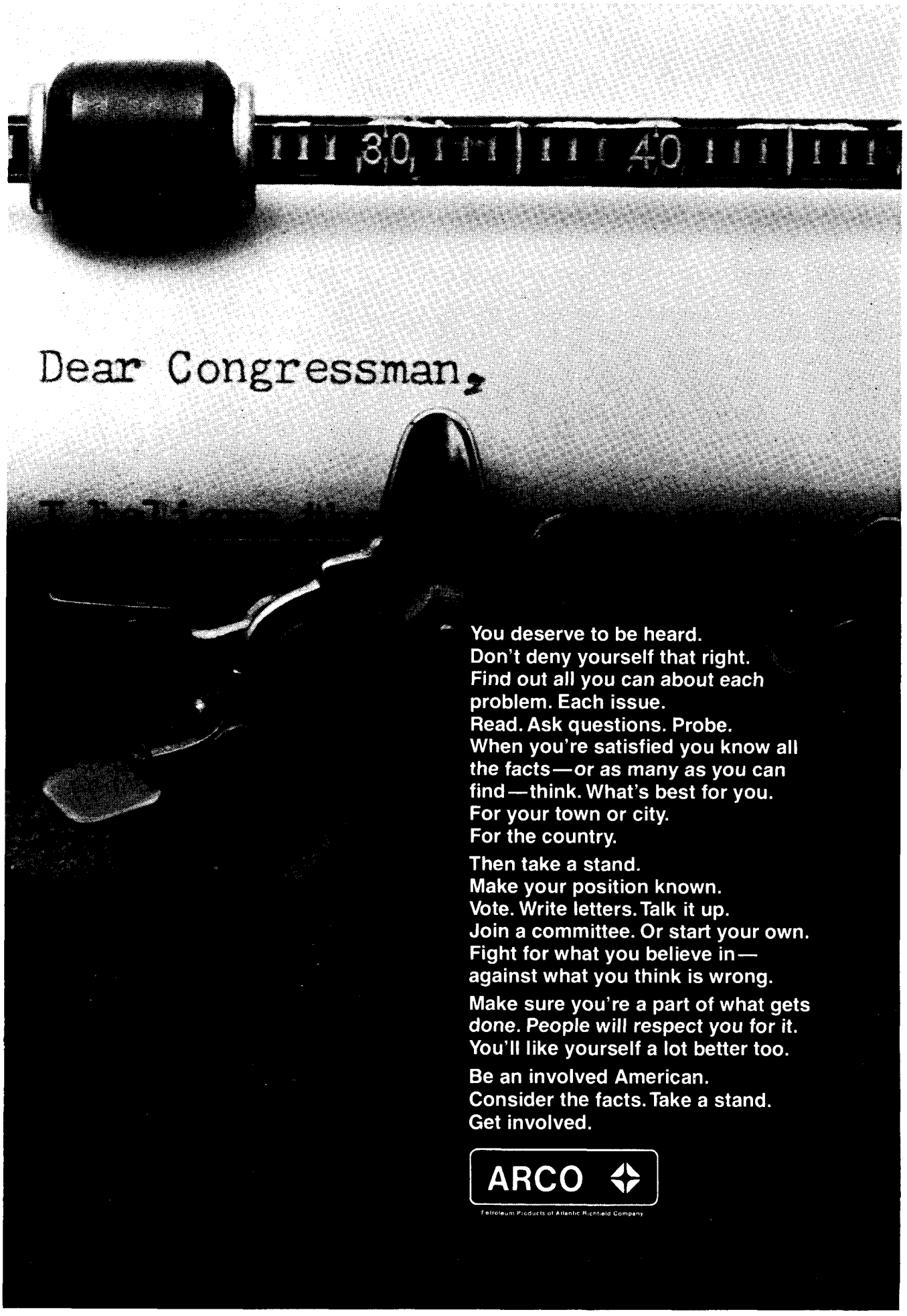

You deserve to be heard.
Don't deny yourself that right.
Find out all you can about each problem. Each issue.
Read. Ask questions. Probe.
When you're satisfied you know all the facts—or as many as you can find—think. What's best for you.
For your town or city.
For the country.

Then take a stand.
Make your position known.
Vote. Write letters. Talk it up.
Join a committee. Or start your own.
Fight for what you believe in—against what you think is wrong.

Make sure you're a part of what gets done. People will respect you for it.
You'll like yourself a lot better too.

Be an involved American.
Consider the facts. Take a stand.
Get involved.

ARCO

Petroleum Products of Atlantic Richfield Company

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ideas and viewpoints whose validity can be proved only in the future, no scientific proofs can be designed to verify their accuracy. The record of regulatory agencies such as the Federal Trade Commission has been less than satisfactory in certifying the content even of product advertising. It is highly doubtful that a regulatory mechanism can be devised to check into the soundness and accuracy of idea-oriented communications without seriously transgressing the constitutionally guaranteed freedom of speech.

The best alternative is to provide a mechanism of procedures and rules that would ensure adequate media access for different groups, without regard to their financial resources. The corporations' contention that their opponents already receive greater media attention is quite irrelevant for this purpose. The most vocal corporate opponents neither may be representative of bodies politic nor may they have economically and politically feasible alternatives to offer. The emphasis should be on providing access to groups and viewpoints that offer alternatives to those advocated by the current business establishment. *These alternatives are not necessarily antibusiness but might advocate a different way of doing business.*

To accomplish this, I propose the establishment of a National Council for Public Information (NCPI). Major corporations and business groups could support NCPI by allocating funds equal to, say, between 25 and 50 percent of the amount spent by them on advocacy advertising. The news media could provide a proportion of the space they would ordinarily allocate to public service advertising. The NCPI would be governed by a board of directors composed of eminent persons, including corporate executives with a national record of public service; it would entertain proposals from different groups for launching media campaigns and would fund these proposals according to some predetermined criteria.

A policy of supporting public expression of alternative viewpoints is *not* contrary to the corporation's self-interest. Instead, it should help in the development of a company's policy-planning process and also should contribute to its public credibility. Such an approach would also broaden the scope of viewpoints represented in public service advertising. It would also indicate a willingness on the part of the news media, especially the electronic media, to experiment with new formats.

Schmertz: Thomas Jefferson said, "For God's sake, let us freely hear both sides!" We would amend that to, "Let us freely hear all sides." We believe that other than libel and slander laws, it would be disastrous to apply any thought control constraints to the presentation of views and opinions. If we are wrong, the press can—and will—quickly inform the public.

In our opinion, it is the media's job to be sure the public hears all sides. Unfortunately, the media deny access to many sides—sometimes to us. In order to redress this imbalance, we have resorted where we can to paid advertising. But the ability to pay doesn't provide access to the media. Television, for example, is the medium through which most Americans get a great deal of their news, but networks will not sell time for the discussion of controversial issues of public importance.

The idea of "protecting the public" by limiting the right to speak on important issues is really a thinly disguised attempt at thought control.

What are the long-term implications of large-scale advocacy advertising backed by the multimillion-dollar budgets of large corporations and powerful industry groups?

Sethi: Advocacy advertising can become a cutting edge in further opening the process of public information. It can contribute to improved understanding on the part of the public of what can be reasonably expected of business in fulfilling a society's expectations. My analysis of most current and recent advocacy campaigns, however, leads me to conclude that advocacy advertising, as it is being currently practiced by major corporations and industry groups, with some notable exceptions, is of *largely questionable value and of doubtful effectiveness* on economic, sociopolitical, and ideological grounds. Also, its prolonged and expanded use poses serious problems of media access for alternative viewpoints, of further escalation of the war of words among various groups and of hostility toward business. Nevertheless, advocacy advertising can serve a vital function in broadening the area of public debate on issues that are socially important but that have been hitherto confined to academic journals, legislative corridors, and committee rooms.

Even if one were to concede that much advocacy advertising is one-sided, it is nonetheless true that such advertising may elevate the level of open discussion by stimulating critics to respond in a manner that is less rhetorical and more factual. Similarly, it may also help business by making sure that its views are given a fair hearing and by enabling it to adapt in a rational manner to the changing sociocultural environment.

None of this, however, will come to pass if considerable restraint is not exercised by business in the use of advocacy advertising. In the event that large corporations do not embrace change and are content to favor partisan propaganda in their public communications, the consequences could affect every aspect of our society. It will not reduce the scope of conflict between business and its critics, but enlarge it; and it will not contribute to the quality and diversity of public information, but worsen it. The resulting public antagonism may express itself through greater government restrictions on the conduct of business than are necessary or desirable. Business will then have no one to blame but itself and will, predictably, buy more ad space to bemoan public ignorance, media hostility, and political opportunism!

As for the critics, they will be doing society a disservice if they label all advocacy advertising undesirable and against the public interest. In a climate of mutual distrust and name-calling, the critics cannot claim to represent any larger public interest than their own or to be interested in hearing viewpoints that are not variations of their own.

Schmertz: First let me point out that this question is loaded with prejudicial buzz-words, so let's change the question to: What are the long-term social and political implications of widespread educational programs that discuss vital national issues, as presented by large consumer-oriented corporations and industry groups whose views the press largely either ignores or distorts? The answer is, a more informed public that is better able to make rational judgments. ◉

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Too many ads like this start out pointing with pride, but wind up pointing the finger.

Being in business, we naturally believe in competitive enterprise.

Just as naturally, we think everybody should. So each year, the business community invests more money in ads that point with pride to the accomplishments of business and the competitive enterprise system within which it operates.

When we find that our story isn't getting across, we tend to blame the other guy. We point the finger at government. At the media. At educators. At young people.

At everyone, in fact, except ourselves.

Yet business is as much to blame as anyone else for the anti-business mood of the public.

When we're not busy talking to ourselves, we're trying to arm-twist people into accepting the one-sided proposition that there's nothing at all wrong with the way our system works.

We're also inconsistent.

We rail against government regulations, for example. Except regulations to protect us from foreign competition.

We oppose government handouts. Except handouts to rescue a company (or even an industry) from its own mistakes.

Unfortunately, people see these inconsistencies. They no longer accept on faith the traditional business defense of business. They don't really believe us any more.

Since survival of our system depends on the credibility of business, we think it's time to stop pointing the finger.

And time to try a totally new approach: Candor.

We hope it catches on.

Pennwalt Corporation, Three Parkway, Philadelphia, Pa. 19102.

For 126 years we've been making things people need—including profits.

PENNWALT

CHEMICALS ■ EQUIPMENT
HEALTH PRODUCTS

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TRUTH OR CONSEQUENCES

by David Finn

DO BUSINESSMEN tell the public the truth? Like most people, they do most of the time; but sometimes they don't. And since one falsehood can poison a dozen straightforward truths, there is a widespread impression that deception is the rule rather than the exception in the world of business. The comparatively low esteem in which businessmen are held makes it clear that their honesty is generally in doubt. And those who think businessmen do not tell the truth are probably convinced that public relations advisers are the specialists in dissimulation who help businessmen fool the public. "Public relations" and "truth" are considered antonyms.

Paradoxically, public relations people believe that their job is to help management tell the truth as straightforwardly as possible. Their reputation suffers, however, when they exaggerate their clients' virtues and minimize their faults. For the most part, both businessmen and their public relations advisers know that truth is easier to communicate (and is certainly more credible) than falsehood. But there are times when, despite the most rigorous and self-critical public relations thinking, telling the truth is not so easy. The pressures to do otherwise can be considerable.

A common trap for the businessman trying to be honest is the selling process. Indeed, the most blatant untruth I've seen in business was invented by a public company as a means of beating out a competitor. Fortunately, the plan was stopped at the eleventh hour. There is no record of it today except in the memory of the people involved.

What happened was this: A major company in the consumer goods field decided to stage a dramatic unveiling of "a revolutionary new product" being introduced to regain for the company the position it had lost to a competitor. On a Wednesday night, top management decided to introduce this "new" product through a massive advertising and public relations campaign to be launched in approximately 50 markets within five days.

But the data were very thin. There was no information on how the product had been developed, how long the research on it had taken, or what test results were available to back up the performance claims. The project was described so guardedly and with such an air of mystery that the writers began to doubt whether there was any truth at all to the claims made about the supposedly new product. The suspicion grew that the campaign was entirely fictitious, just a marketing strategy to dress up the old product in new claims as a means of regaining its competitive position.

On Saturday afternoon, the project was abruptly aborted. All copies of press releases and all proofs and plates of ads were meticulously collected and destroyed. The newspaper space was canceled. The product was abandoned; and a few days later the chief executive officer resigned. Clearly, the whole plan — which, fortunately, he (or somebody) decided to abandon — had been a last-ditch effort to save himself.

The history of business is, of course, filled with false product claims. These have diminished in recent years with increased regulation of truth in advertising, but there continue to be many instances in which producers of competitive products that are in fact identical spend great amounts of money to persuade the public they are different. It seems likely that the selling mentality that dominates business life still carries businessmen to the limits of truthfulness, if not a shade beyond.

Another serious problem crops up when a product is under attack by a consumerist or an environmentalist and the manufacturer is determined to prove the criticism wrong. The problem can become incredibly complicated, involving the conflicting opinions of scientists, the threat of lawsuits, the prospect of heavy capital investment to change manufacturing processes, the danger of job losses, a negative impact on the financial community and the market price of the company shares—even the possibility of a takeover of management.

In one case I knew at first hand, a company's executives were upset by a "crackpot" article in an obscure journal that condemned one of its major products as harmful to health. The company's management recognized that if the story spread, it could affect the economics of the entire industry. Major executives of the key companies concerned agreed to form a special committee. Hundreds of thousands of dollars in executive time and counseling fees were spent over a period of weeks to determine the industry's response.

The lawyers wanted the industry to say as little as possible lest it jeopardize future legal action. The public relations people wanted the industry to be outspoken and forthright, to make it clear that the public interest and health were being given the highest priority. The company executives thought a strong statement about the "scientific proof" of the healthfulness of the product would be a good compromise.

The public relations people believed the "scientific proof" to be unconvincing; they suggested that the objective opinion of highly regarded and independent authorities be sought and that further research be conducted. This idea was tabled for the moment as "long-range" while the "immediate" problem of developing the strongest possible statement about the prod-

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"When one adds up all the reasons that make it difficult for businessmen to be completely truthful, it is not difficult to understand why their public statements are greeted with skepticism."

uct was given the highest priority.

The industry waited for a pickup of the "crackpot" story by national media. It didn't take long for this to happen. A story appeared in one of the newsweeklies and on a network television news program. The carefully prepared industry statement was released. Subsequently, printed material on the subject was distributed to the trade and to special interest editors. A protracted program ensued, with the prospect of government action on the horizon.

There is no end to this story. Sparring, in which legal counsel represented the industry, took place in Washington. The public relations specialists organized seminars on the subject, distributed new reports, occasionally found an interested journalist who responded favorably to the industry's position. The attacker continued his onslaught, and from time to time a new "sensational" accusation was given some editorial attention. The dispute dragged on for years, with occasional periods of crisis in which feverish activity took place. Today, the product continues to sell, the industry thrives, no jobs have been lost, investments in company shares are being protected, and management remains in place.

Was the truth told about consumer health? Not *exactly*. The industry has made statesmanlike pronouncements about the high priority it gives to the public interest. But no business spokesman has been willing to admit that the scientific ground on which the industry rests its case is not very secure. The result is that the product continues to sell, but the credibility of business has dropped a few percentage points because even satisfied customers do not believe that the industry is being completely honest in its defense of the product.

There are other instances in which business has difficulty telling the truth unreservedly, as when management declares that its manufacturing plants are not polluters. But in time, environmentalists succeed in establishing strict government standards that require major changes in the production process. The companies make enormous investments in new facilities to meet the new standards. Product prices rise because of the additional costs involved. The successful antipollution measures taken by the industry are advertised and publicized. But why, an alert citizen asks himself, are companies now boasting about their extensive pollution controls when they insisted that there was no pollution problem in the first place?

In the much celebrated cases of overseas bribes or payments, business tried to downplay the issue when it first surfaced. I remember the early revelations because we represented some of the companies involved. It was hoped then that the subject would never come out in the open. After all, such payments were part of the way of life in the countries involved. Why make a fuss about it when there was nothing one could do to change it? At first, companies tried to dampen editorial interest in the subject by claiming that "all the facts had not been established." In the wake of Watergate, however, the subject turned out to be a major news event. Because business had not been responsive to press inquiries, revelations were treated as scandals that the business community had tried to suppress. The lack of candor appeared to be as great a sin as the actual payments.

Being cautious about answering a reporter's questions is by no means a sign of a cover-up. It is often a matter of prudence. Thus, if two companies are discussing the possibility of a merger, they make every effort to keep the news from the press lest stories be written in such a way as to affect negotiations. This is a legitimate worry, and I have known instances in which negotiations were broken off because of reactions to a premature article. To avoid such dangers, business executives may deny that discussions are taking place and may not answer a reporter's questions truthfully.

When a company takeover has occurred and employees of a local plant worry that it might be closed, the incoming management may deny that such is its intention, since its immediate objective is to avoid any tension that could jeopardize the orderly transfer of responsibility. The problem is that if closing the plant is inevitable, management will inevitably be accused of having deceived its employees.

When one adds up all the reasons that make it difficult for businessmen to be completely truthful, it is not hard to understand why their public statements are greeted with skepticism. The unhappy consequences of this distrust could be disbelief in everything business says about itself.

On the other hand, the Securities and Exchange Commission's rules of disclosure and the accountability of public relations specialists for the authenticity of the information they disseminate are helping to instill a new discipline in business communications. These strictures are creating important countervailing pressures on business to tell the truth, even when it is painful. Investigative reporters have also had a constructive effect (despite their occasional excesses and inaccuracies) by pressing for more and more of the affairs of business to be conducted in the open. And perhaps most important of all, the growing determination of the business community to win the public's respect for, and appreciation of, the benefits of the free enterprise system could make consistent truth-telling a public relations necessity. ◉

David Finn is chairman of the board and co-founder of the New York-based public relations firm Ruder & Finn, Inc.

"Joe, I want you to meet one of the ten most fed up men in America,"

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ENJOY YOUR FAVORITE MOVIES AT HOME TONIGHT.

Enjoy your favorite films anytime! Super 8 Sound films from the Catalog of Columbia Pictures. Films are on 400′ reels and run for approximately twenty minutes. In Color or Black-and-White, Magnetic Sound.

EXCITING FEATURE FILM DIGESTS!

LAWRENCE OF ARABIA (1962) Peter O'Toole, Alex Guinness, Anthony Quinn, Jack Hawkins, Omar Sharif, Anthony Quayle, Jose Ferrer, Claude Rains. Winner of seven Academy Awards. True, thrilling story of T. E. Lawrence, WWI British officer who united the Arabs against the Turks. Breathtaking photography. MM-5024-C-$49.95

GUNS OF NAVARONE, THE (1961) Gregory Peck, David Niven, Irene Pappas, Anthony Quinn, James Darren, Richard Harris. The classic action film: Allied commandos "impossible" mission to destroy German gun emplacements at Navarone. A thriller from start to finish! MM-5025-C-$49.95

BRIAN'S SONG (1970) James Caan, Billy Dee Williams, Jack Warden. The true story of Chicago Bears' football players Brian Piccolo and Gayle Sayres, their friendship, and Piccolo's death. B-5001-C-$49.95

SILENCERS, THE (1966) Dean Martin, Stella Stevens, Daliah Levi, Cyd Charisse. First of the Matt Helm series. Spy Helm, a swinging bachelor, is called into action to prevent a top scientist from defecting to India. MM-5018-C-$49.95

COMMANCHE STATION (1960) Randolph Scott. Man searching for his wife, kidnapped by the Commanche, guides another woman through hostile territory. MM-5013-C-$49.95

GENGHIS KAHN (1965) Omar Sharif, Telly Savalas, James Mason, Eli Wallach, Stephen Boyd, Robert Morley. Adventures of one of history's greatest warriors, once a Mongol slave and eventually head of an army sweeping victoriously through Asia. MM-5027-C-$49.95

JOLSON STORY, THE (1946) Larry Parks, Evelyn Keyes, William Demerest. Tuneful delight, with the famed Jolson on the sound track of this Oscar-winning story of the brash performer's rise to fame. Larry Parks stars as Jolson. MM-5008-C-$49.95

LADY FROM SHANGHAI, THE (1948) Orson Welles, Rita Hayworth. Orson Welles' bizarre thriller. A husband suspects his wife of having an affair with an adventurer—and frames her for murder. MM-1027-B/W-$39.95

LOST COMMAND (1966) Anthony Quinn, Alain Delon, George Segal, Claudia Cardinale. Action-packed story of guerilla warfare in Algeria. Quinn, of French peasant stock, becomes an officer commanding the anti-terrorist forces. MM-5032-C-$49.95

IT HAPPENED ONE NIGHT (1934) Clark Gable, Claudette Colbert. Oscar-winning screwball comedy: a runaway heiress falls for reporter on a rural bus trip and begs him to shield her from her father's agents. MM-1016-B/W-$39.95

THE BRIDGE ON THE RIVER KWAI 400′ reel SOUND COLOR $49.95 MM-5022

EMMANUELLE (1975) "X" was never like this. Beautiful and sensitive. A diplomat's wife in Bangkok explores new areas of sexuality. For adults only. For U.S. customers only (MM-5031) C-$49.95

ON THE WATERFRONT (1954) Marlon Brando, Eva-Marie Saint, Karl Malden, Lee J. Cobb, Rod Steiger. Oscar-winning blockbuster. Brando, a member of New York's corrupt longshoreman's union, defies its leaders by testifying against them after his brother is killed. MM-1000-B/W-$39.95

MACHINE GUN McCAIN (1970) Peter Falk, John Cassavetes, Britt Ekland. Gunfights and action: a gangster just out of prison plans to rob a Las Vegas casino, and comes up against The Mob. MM-5005-C-$49.95

PROFESSIONALS, THE (1966) Burt Lancaster, Lee Marvin, Robert Ryan, Jack Palance, Claudia Cardinale, Ralph Bellamy. A millionaire hires four tough soldiers-of-fortune to rescue his beautiful wife from a Mexican bandit. P-5003-C-$49.95

QUEEN BOXER (1975) Judy Lee. Bloody martial arts film. Judy Lee, the female Bruce Lee, confronts the mob to avenge her brother's death. MM-5043-C-$49.95

THREE STOOGES

400′ REEL SUPER 8 SOUND B/W $33.95

CREEPS (1956). The Stooges, playing their own sons, relate their adventures in a haunted castle. (ST-4005-400-BW)

PARDON MY SCOTCH (1935). The Stooges become bootleggers, mix a highball with chemicals instead of soda and BOOM! OUTER SPACE! (ST-1023-400-BW)

DUTIFUL BUT DUMB (1942). The Stooges photograph a secret ray gun and wreck havoc throughout the country of Vulgaria. (ST-4010-400-BW)

HULA LA LA (1951). The Stooges, sent to the South Sea Islands to teach the natives to dance, are capured by headhunters and make a shambles of native hospitality. (ST-4008-400-BW)

Liberty House ALL FILMS IN SUPER 8 ONLY

Box 141 Bronx, N.Y. 10461

Please send me the films listed. Payment in full is enclosed.

Name _____

Address _____

City _____ State _____ Zip _____

FILM NO.	PRICE	FILM NO.	PRICE	FILM NO.	PRICE

Add $5 handling per film. TOTAL

N.Y. residents add tax.

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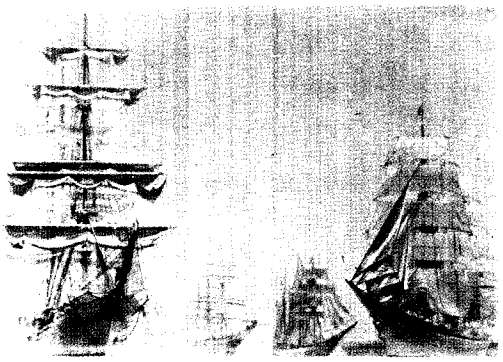
Liberty House Presents The Fabled

TALL SHIPS
OF THE WORLD

Meticulously accurate in nautical detail, these high-fidelity lithographs in magnificent full color by the renowned marine artist KIPP SOLDWEDEL will delight all who admire fine art.

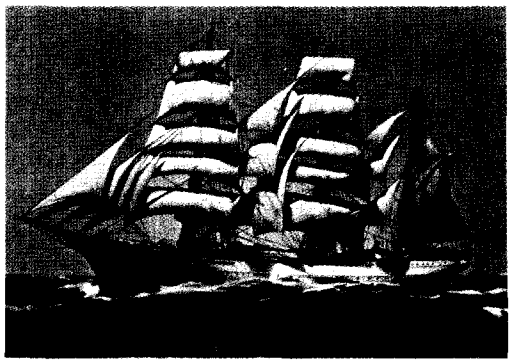
21" x 28"



1 OPERATION SAIL
An historic gathering of the "TALL SHIPS" for Operation Sail celebrating the bicentennial year of 1976 in the U.S.A.

U.S.A. 2
"EAGLE" Host vessel for the 1976 U.S. Operation Sail gathering, owned and operated by the U.S.C.G.

20" × 26"



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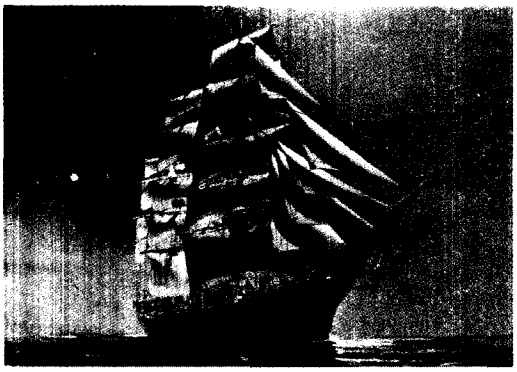
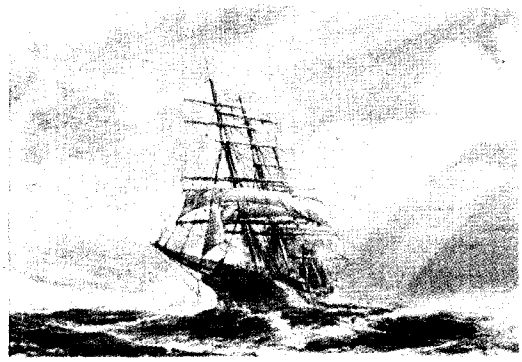


3 POLAND
"DAR POMORZA"- Poland's contribution to the tall ships that spread good will and world wide peace.

GERMANY 4
The winner of the 1976 STA/ ASTA Race from Bermuda to Newport, R.I. "GORCH FOCK"

21" x 28"

21" x 28"



5 DENMARK
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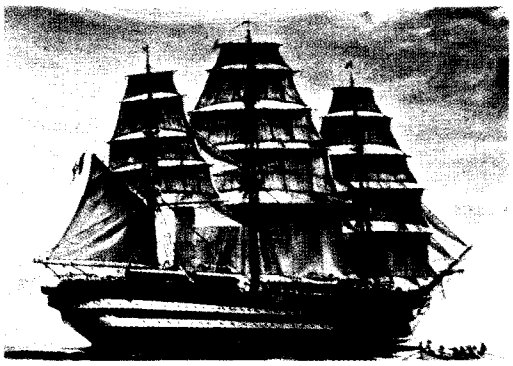

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A CURE FOR CORPORATE NEUROSIS

by Robert Lekachman

THE LARGE CORPORATION, usually American-based and global in scope, is the dominant social invention of the twentieth century. The corporation occupies a place as important in our time as that of the Holy Roman Church in medieval Europe or of the monarch who ruled by reason of divine right during the sixteenth- and seventeenth-century heyday of mercantilism. It is not surprising, then, that social critics like Michael Harrington despair because they are convinced that multinational corporations backed by complaisant governments have shaped and distorted the economic development of the Third World.

Respected political scientists like Yale's Charles E. Lindblom, who was once an advocate of political pluralism, have taken to arguing that in a society such as ours, business interests set the agenda of public discussion. Lindblom maintains that such interests exclude from debate policies that are unacceptable to corporate leaders, and he says that these interests constitute a pressure group far more powerful than trade unions, consumers, academic intellectuals, environmentalists, minorities, or other groups.

Yet by all the evidence of their own speeches and statements, businessmen do not see themselves as a menace, but rather as being on the defensive in the face of constant attacks by the public. They are uneasily aware of opinion poll findings that reveal a public distrust and suspicion of corporate behavior scarcely less intense than the public's disaffection for politicians, lawyers, university teachers, and other elitists. This disaffection extends to minor as well as to major considerations: A recent survey disclosed that one out of every five purchases made by consumers creates some dissatisfaction because the product is defective, wears out too soon, or proves difficult to service. The survey's findings are echoed by Harold Williams, head of the Securities and Exchange Commission, who recently charged, "The public is convinced that big business is ripping everybody off to get what it wants for itself. The public believes the charges leveled at corporations and does not trust those who speak for the corporations."

So while corporations usually manage to get their own way in matters of concern to them, they regard themselves and their power as objects of unjustified general suspicion—under intermittent assault by political demagogues, energetic trade unionists, ill-informed media critics, miscellaneous Naderites in and out of political office, environmentalists sane and otherwise, and professors who have never met a payroll or talked at length with anyone who has. Yet to any reasonably impartial observer, the evidence of corporate clout is overwhelming. For example, moves to rearrange the structure of business—such as the late Senator Philip Hart's industrial divestiture proposal or Senator Adlai Stevenson's Federal Oil and Gas Corporation bill—somehow flicker out both in congressional committees and in public discussion.

Another case in point: Despite its tedious screams of pain, the energy industry has manifestly safely negotiated the storm of public criticism that accompanied and followed the 1973 OPEC boycott. When he was a candidate, Jimmy Carter hinted that as president he would check the movement of Exxon and its gigantic siblings into coal, solar energy, uranium, and other alternatives to petroleum. Once he was in the White House, however, Carter excluded such thoughts from his energy bill.

More recently, Treasury Secretary W. Michael Blumenthal assured the business community that the administration's new tax proposals would concentrate on tax reductions and would postpone tax reform for yet another season. The three-martini lunch appears to be safe. The President's manifest hesitancy to deny Dr. Arthur Burns a third four-year term as the head of the Federal Reserve System testifies to Carter's respect for the economist's reputation in business legend as an implacable foe of inflation. Finally, against his own free trade instincts, Carter has moved in the direction of protectionism for producers of domestic steel, shoes, and television sets.

There are good reasons why the large corporation is open to public criticism. The most important reason is that the corporation has failed in its role as a major supplier of jobs in the present and as a provider of additional jobs in the future. Allied to the corporation's failure to create employment is its enormous mobility, which can foster unemployment. Industry has been migrating from the high-wage cities of New England, the Middle Atlantic States, and the Midwest to the low-wage, antiunion, warm, and hospitable communities in Texas, Arizona, Georgia, and Alabama. The ensuing economic boom in the Sunbelt has been accompanied by depression in the Snowbelt. What is even more catastrophic for factory workers and for the communities dependent on their paychecks is that some multinationals—ever on the hunt for lower production costs and other operational advantages—have shifted manufacturing and assembly facilities out of the United States to Southeast Asia and to Mexico, Brazil, and other countries where labor is cheap, unions are illegal or weak, and local governments are cooperative.

A second reason for public criticism is that because of the corporations' enormous economic power, presidents from both major parties are compelled to give more weight to the opinions, complaints, and demands of the business community than to the desires of their other constituents. This is not to say that businessmen get 100 percent of their agenda adopted, even under conservative administrations. To be successful, presidents and congresspersons must pay heed to

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other, noncorporate voices as well. But the business community year in and year out fares far better legislatively than does any other constituency.

All the same, those who speak for business should be worried about the public's low opinion of corporate behavior, which is shared even by citizens who depend on corporate employment. The legitimacy and therefore the safety of any commercial institution is endangered when everyone comes to identify it as selfish, greedy, and willing to pursue profit at the expense of environment, worker health, and consumer satisfaction.

At bottom, the reputation of the corporation is tied to its success as a provider of jobs and a rising standard of living. If business offers too few jobs at sufficiently high wages, it will not be long before the public questions its performance still more and demands legislation that will curb corporate power. Religion promises salvation in the life to come. Corporations should distribute their rewards in the here and now. As the TV commercial puts it, you go around in life only once.

THERE APPEAR TO BE two conceivable, intelligent responses to the crisis of business legitimacy. The less likely is genuine rededication to free markets and unprotected competition. Such a course implies renunciation of government subsidies, bailouts of faltering enterprises, preferential status for domestic arms producers, and protection against more efficient foreign rivals. If corporations decide to take their own rhetoric seriously, they will ally themselves with their employees and with consumers against government controls.

Such a resolution on the part of business would be neither convenient nor inexpensive. One immediate move would be symbolic, though nonetheless painful on that account. It would be to curtail those management privileges that to the public resemble rip-offs rather than compensation for work: expense accounts; company planes used for private errands; and, more serious, salaries and benefits that reflect managerial control of compensation mechanisms rather than value contributed to the enterprise. It is difficult to convince the ordinary person, including this skeptic, that Harold Geneen or Thomas Murphy would malinger at the helm of ITT or GM if his salary and perquisites were cruelly slashed by two thirds—to a meager $300,000.

This would be a mere beginning. If corporations and individuals were truly to ally themselves against government, then corporate policies would require substantial improvement on many fronts—enforceable product warranties; truthful advertising; concern for employee health and safety and for environmental health; equity in employee relations; fair treatment of women and minorities. Precisely because corporations have neglected such responsibilities in the past, they have invited the laws, commissions, and regulations about which they now grumble.

In short, corporations that preach free markets ought to back their principles with their wallets. The American public is sufficiently sophisticated, even cynical enough, to discount sharply the protestations of affection for free enterprise mouthed by industries that trot to Washington for succor whenever more efficient foreign rivals nibble at their markets. As the bitter joke goes, our present arrangement approximates free enterprise for the poor and socialism for the rich. Presidents and Congresses bail out the Lockheeds and the Franklin National Banks. Small businesses and displaced workers must make out as best they can.

Which side is business on? In cooperation with the Business Roundtable, Commerce Secretary Juanita Kreps last October suggested publishing a social performance index that would rate individual corporations on such matters as minority hiring and sensitivity to the environment. Kreps stated that the goal of the exercise would be "to enhance business leadership in corporate social performance" and to prevent "further oppressive regulation." Corporate social performance does not come easily. Like most other human beings, our corporate tycoons would like to have it both ways—competition when convenient and government shelters when necessary. I have little confidence that American industry and finance will accompany the gospel according to Milton Friedman with appropriate works. They cost too much.

On the whole, a much more plausible response by business to its crisis of public disesteem would be the candid recognition of the unavoidable close relationship between government and private enterprise and the determination to improve the quality of that association. This could bring about democratic national economic planning. We Americans appear to be groping in a rather haphazard fashion for some way to formulate coherent national goals consistent with our political traditions. On the question of energy, the struggle between President Carter and the Congress is over how to plan a vast sector of a huge economy. Surely the realization must be dawning on all the contestants that if anything resembling the administration's energy, health, welfare, social security, tax, manpower, and employment initiatives are to become law, policies that shape large sections of the economy must somehow be harmonized.

As Leonard Silk, of *The New York Times*, has observed, "The term 'national planning' has a wide variety of meanings, ranging from the provision of more information and long-range forecasts by government to programs involving detailed allocation of resources and investment under government guidance and control." If such distinguished business leaders as Henry Ford II, J. Irwin Miller, W. Michael Blumenthal (before his translation to government service), Robert Roosa, and Felix Rohatyn have uttered words of interest in or in praise of planning, it is surely because they contemplate, to cite Silk once more, a "system that would preserve capitalism, leave the control of the means of production largely in private hands, and keep capital accumu ation and investment by corporations as driving forces of the economy—but with better coordination and long-range direction to meet national goals."

Planning is necessary for business's self-preservation because even at its best, the modern corporation gratifies only some human aspirations. Since it supplies neither religious nor political provender, the corporation loses its raison d'être when it fails materially by supplying too few jobs, too little improvement in standards of living, and too little protection against the vicissitudes of unemployment, ill health, and financial insecurity. No wonder that a dozen years of recession, inflation, and hard times in the labor market have diminished the reputation of American business.

The crisis is as much intellectual as it is material. The failure of conventional economics, either neo-Keynesian or Friedmanite, to grapple with stagflation accompanies and accentuates the institutional deficiencies of government and of business. Regrettably, the most frequent business response to

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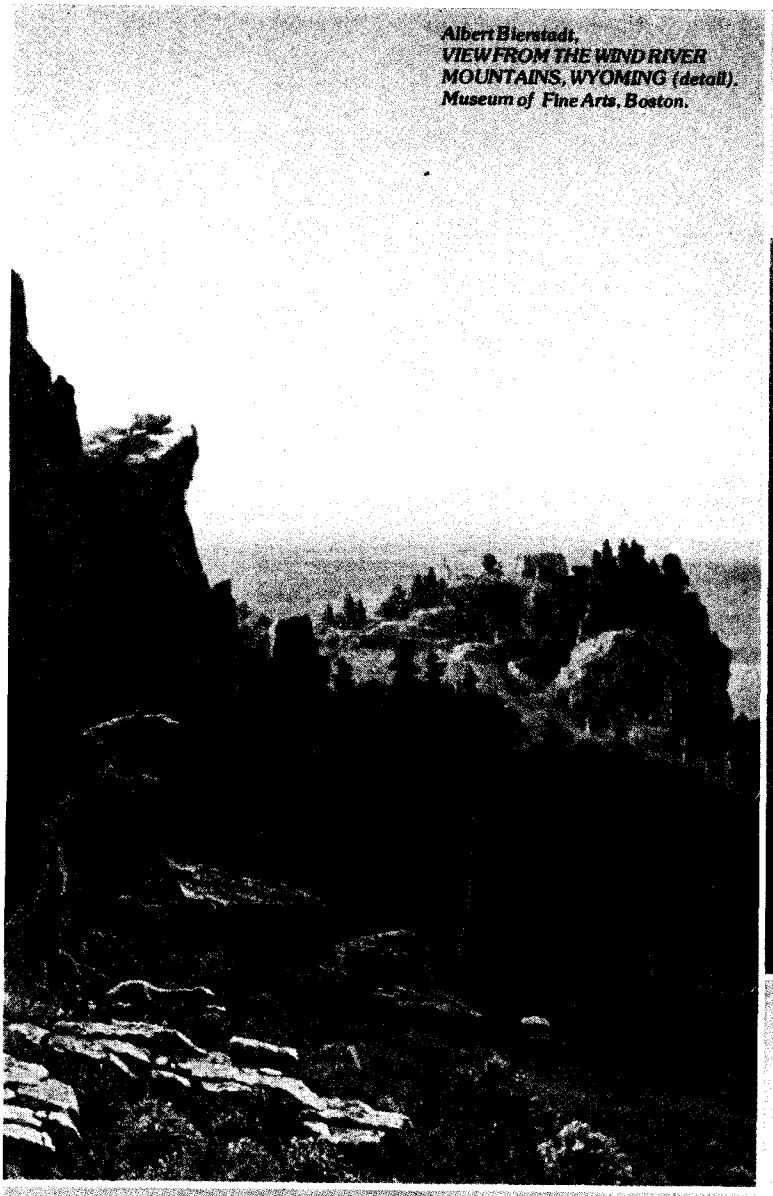
How to open



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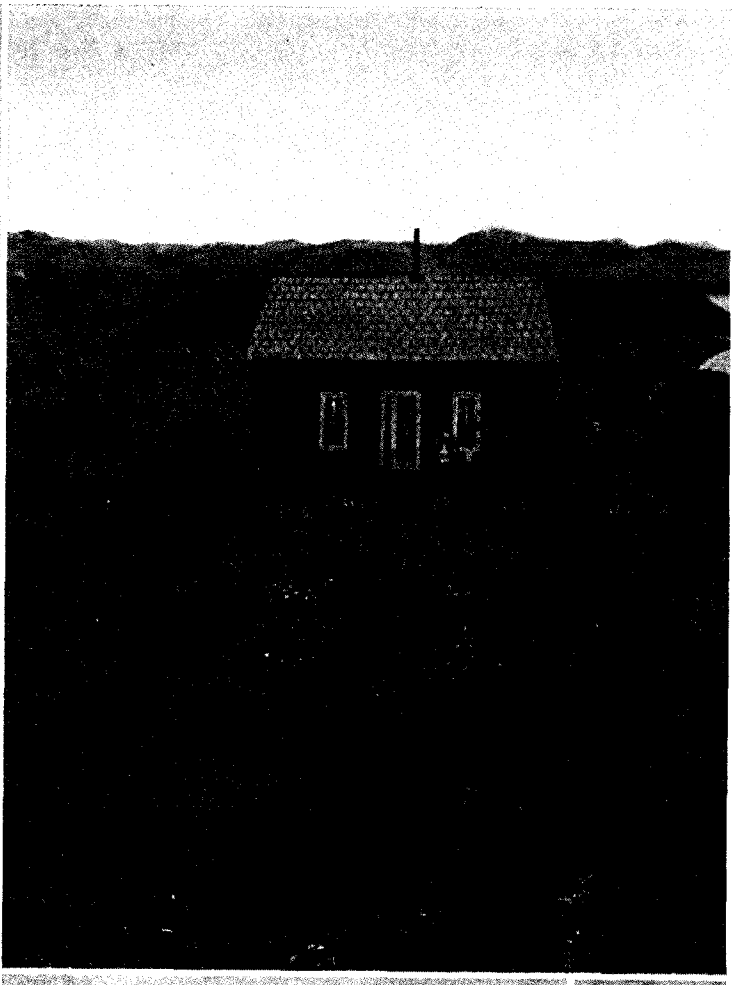
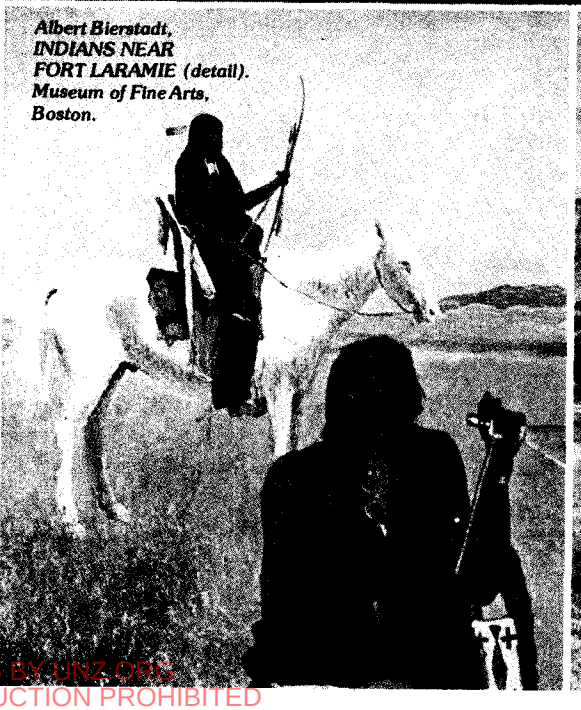
VIEW FROM THE WIND RIVER MOUNTAINS, WYOMING (detail).
Museum of Fine Arts, Boston.





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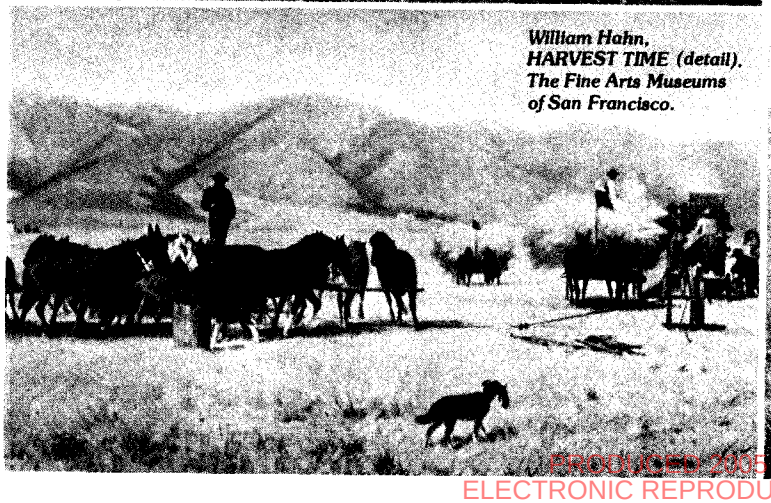

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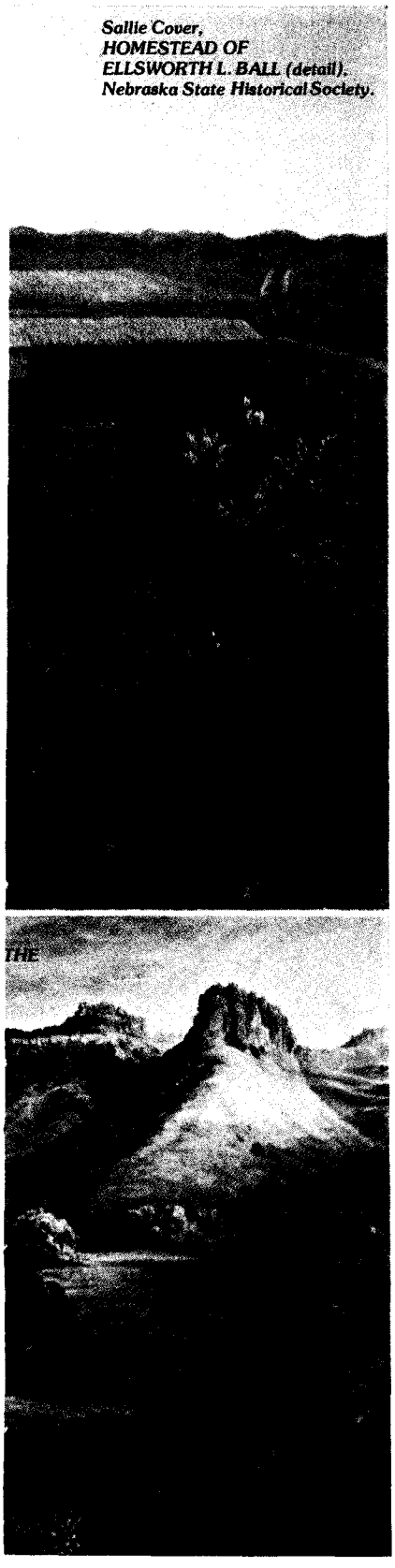
a new frontier.



Sallie Cover,
HOMESTEAD OF ELLSWORTH L. BALL (detail).
Nebraska State Historical Society.

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"A more plausible response by business to its crisis of public disesteem would be the candid recognition of the unavoidable close relationship between government and private enterprise."

the economic disorders of the past dozen years evokes a comparison with the calamities of the 1930s. Now as then, those who deliver the business message call for the old-time religion of free enterprise and small government.

In the 1930s, of course, mass unemployment and the utter inadequacy of conventional responses to it dominated Western politics. In Britain, Philip Snowden, who had been a socialist chancellor of the exchequer, lamented in his memoirs that none of his economic advisers had told him that he could go off the gold standard and devalue the pound. In 1930 and 1931, John Maynard Keynes, not quite yet the author of *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, was discounted as an unsound fellow who favored deficit spending, much as in our day respectable economists mutter tediously about Phillips curve trade-offs between inflation and unemployment during a period when both coexist despite conventional teaching to the contrary.

In spite of the best economic and business opinions, Keynes saved capitalism in Western Europe and the United States. In due course, Keynesian analysis of aggregate demand and the interventionist public policies required to maintain it became the new conventional wisdom of economists and even of businessmen. By 1964 *Business Week* was hailing the Kennedy-Johnson tax cut as the culmination of a successful experiment in economic management. In January 1971 Richard Nixon declared himself a Keynesian, a sign to some that Keynesian doctrine had become obsolete.

The economic crisis of the 1970s has been less calamitous than its 1930s predecessor was largely because the New Deal and its European analogues had erected social protections: unemployment compensation, food stamps, social security, Medicare, and Medicaid. These programs and the Keynesian manipulations with which they are associated have softened class conflict and promoted social harmony. In 1976 they elected the most conservative of the mainstream Democrats who ran in the primaries. Keynes and the welfare state saved capitalism.

In some ways, the 1970s challenge American business more severely than the 1930s did. For a variety of reasons, growth during the rest of this century is almost certain to be slower than it was during the two previous centuries of American independence. In the past, rapid growth ameliorated group conflict and diverted attention from divisive questions about the equity of income and wealth distributions. Now, rising energy costs, growing concern over consumer protection, and the changing terms of trade between advanced and developing nations all contribute to the probability of much slower rates of increase in both the American and the European gross national products.

This prospect of slow growth and its concomitant social problems threatens the strongest of the capitalistic system's claims: that it, and only it, is so excellent a provider of material goods that the community is well advised to suffer occasional recession and inflation as the price of material progress. A dozen more years of little progress must further erode public faith in market capitalism and in its corporate exemplars.

To date, the predominant business response has combined two arguments—denial that the world has really changed and renewed complaints about government interference. Denial of reality and desperate reiteration of outworn formulas are of course familiar neurotic symptoms. Yet, against a certain amount of historical and contemporary evidence, I preserve some confidence in the eventual ability of business opinion to follow a present enlightened minority down the route of intelligent cooperation between business and government.

To escape from its current economic disorder, the United States requires coherent national economic policies. These in turn require the identification of consistent national objectives and congressional provision of the stimuli and incentives needed to reach them. This means the sort of indicative planning familiar to the French and the Japanese. As in their countries, economic planning in the United States must reflect the existing distribution of political and economic influences. In blunt fact, those who might operate an American planning agency are far more likely to be Felix Rohatyn, W. Michael Blumenthal, or Robert Roosa than John Kenneth Galbraith, Wassily Leontieff, or Michael Harrington.

What would planning achieve that our present untidy combination of competition, monopoly, oligopoly, and ad hoc public regulation does not? At best, it would repair the image of business as a good provider by extending sensible responses to unemployment, distortions of resource allocation, and inflation. Unemployed men and women, pensioners whose stipends are eroded by inflation, and the denizens of declining cities and regions are likely to be impervious to the glories of free enterprise and rugged individualism.

This suggestion of economic planning by business and government presents a paradox for me. If anything like my prescription is generally accepted, capitalism will be preserved indefinitely—much as the "radical" Keynesians saved it in the 1930s. I am no admirer of capitalism; indeed, I am a democratic socialist. I reconcile my analysis with my preference by reminding myself that this is a highly conservative country in which the choice for some time to come will be between market capitalism chaotically administered and market capitalism intelligently planned. Even for dissenters from the civil religion of market capitalism like me, government by intelligent conservatives is to be preferred to government by their denser colleagues.

As our economic troubles persist and as conventional remedies continue to fail, I predict that businessmen will gradually come around to an enlightened sense of their own self-interest. As they do so, the country will advance to some version of democratic national economic planning in which the voice of the corporate magnate will be the loudest in the land, just as it is now.

I shall be there, faintly cheering and applauding with one hand. ◉

Robert Lekachman is Distinguished Professor of Economics, Lehman College (City University of New York), and author of, among other books, Economists at Bay.

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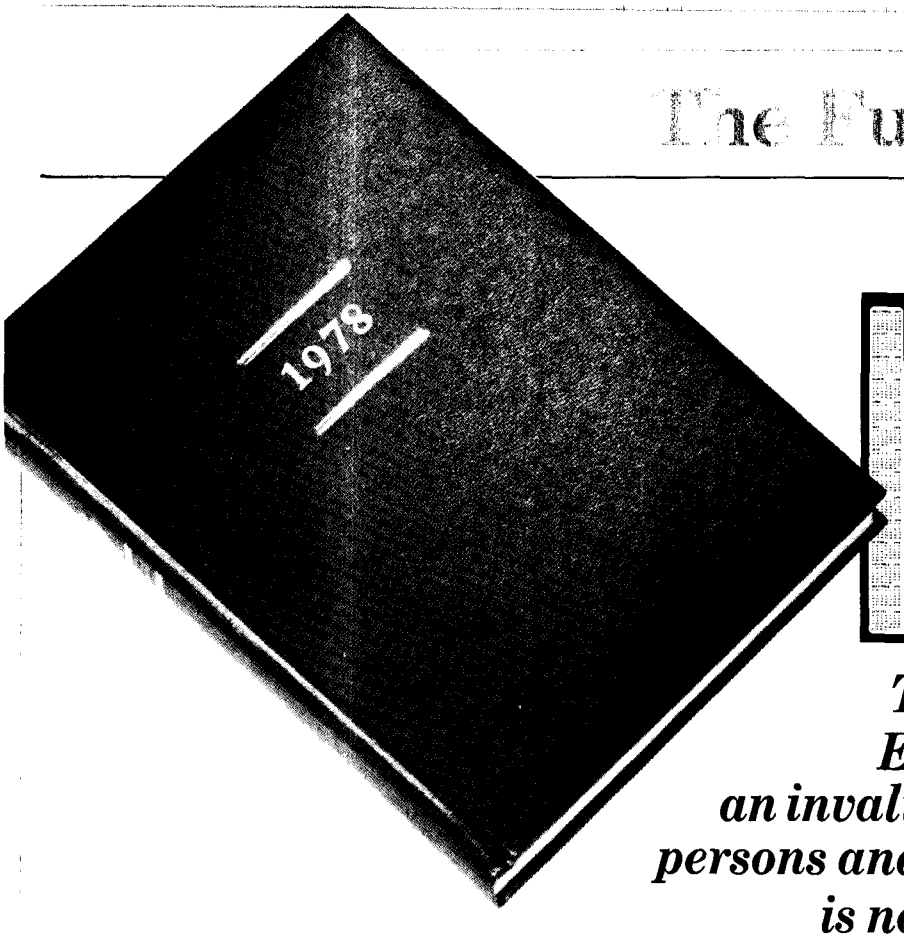

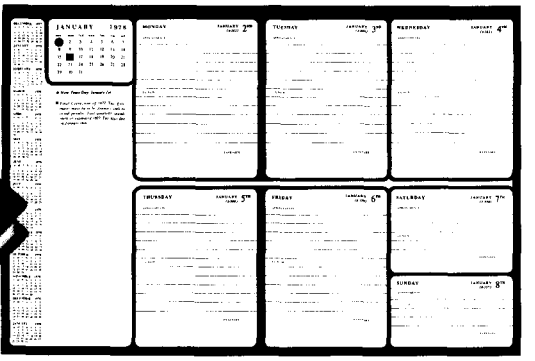

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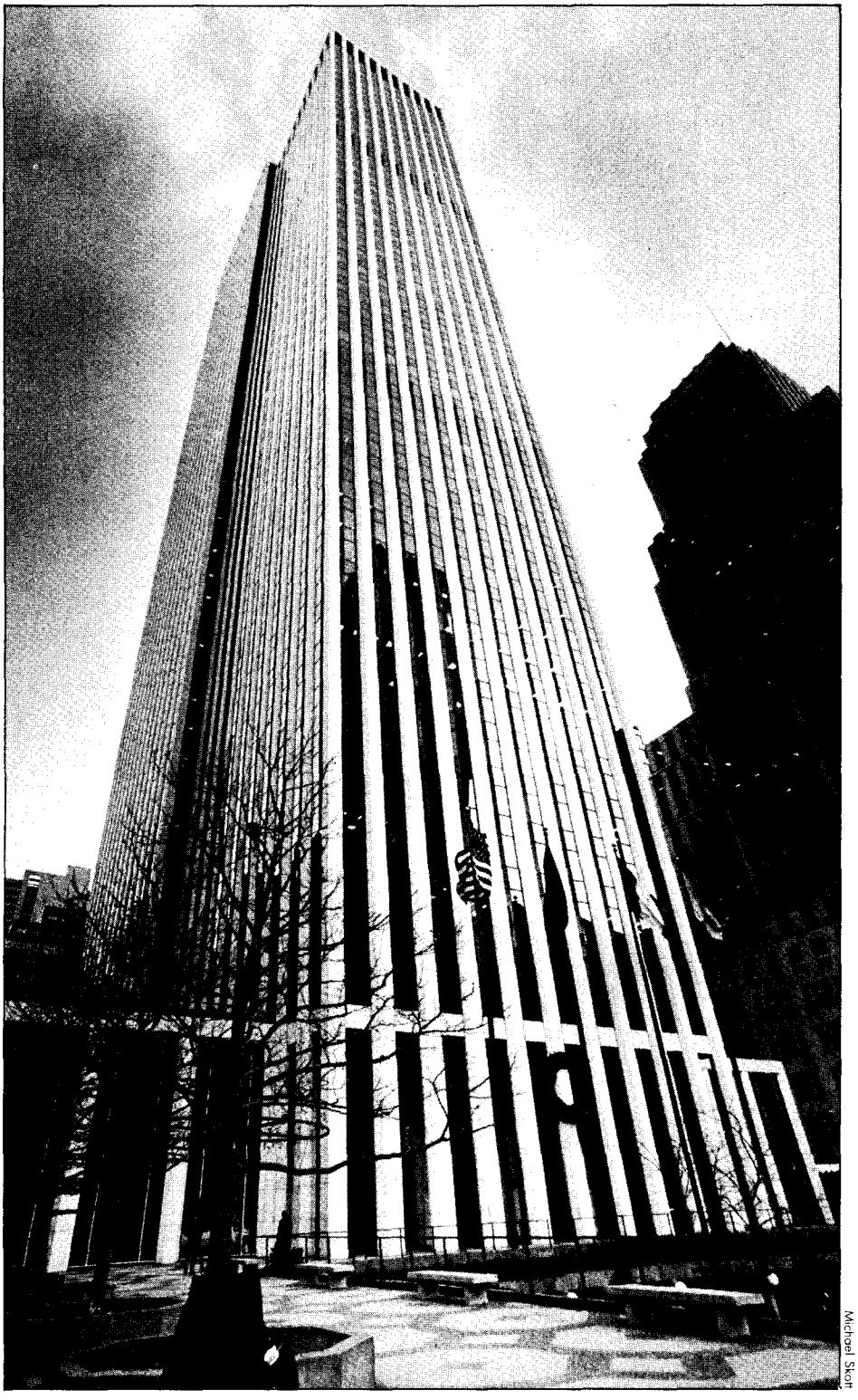
Corporate Architecture: A Study in Banality



Michael Skott

General Motors Building, in New York City—"Architecture with fins."

by Paul Goldberger

THERE IS a building at Columbia University called Uris Hall, and it does not look like the rest of that university's architecture. There is nothing Georgian about it, nor does it resemble the massive classical temple of the domed Low Library it sits behind. Uris Hall is flat and modern, a combination of limestone and metal, with an interior of fluorescent lights and terrazzo floors. It is all utterly banal, and if you ask a visitor what department Uris Hall houses, he will usually say the business school.

He will be right, of course; but what is far more interesting than the building itself is how natural the association is—a dull environment instantly suggests a business environment. That is what the architects of Uris Hall, Moore & Hutchins, seemed to be saying when they designed the building back in the Fifties; and not only does the general public seem to agree but so do corporate executives.

For corporate design and architecture in the United States are almost uniformly mediocre. Most corporate headquarters are as dreary as Uris Hall is—heavy-handed institutional buildings that could pass for hospitals or warehouses. They are buildings designed with little concern for functional innovation and with even less concern for aesthetic creativity. Some of them work well; others, less so. But whatever their degree of functional success, they almost all *look* terrible. And when they do work well, it is usually because of the ability of their architects to follow a formula, not because any new ideas have been incorporated in them.

This is an especially disturbing point, for the very corporations that proudly advertise their technological advances and management creativity seem to freeze when it comes to architectural design. No problem being daring about the marketing of a new soap or a new brand of oatmeal; but introduce a new architectural concept into the

Paul Goldberger, architecture critic of The New York Times, *is presently writing an architectural guide to Manhattan.*

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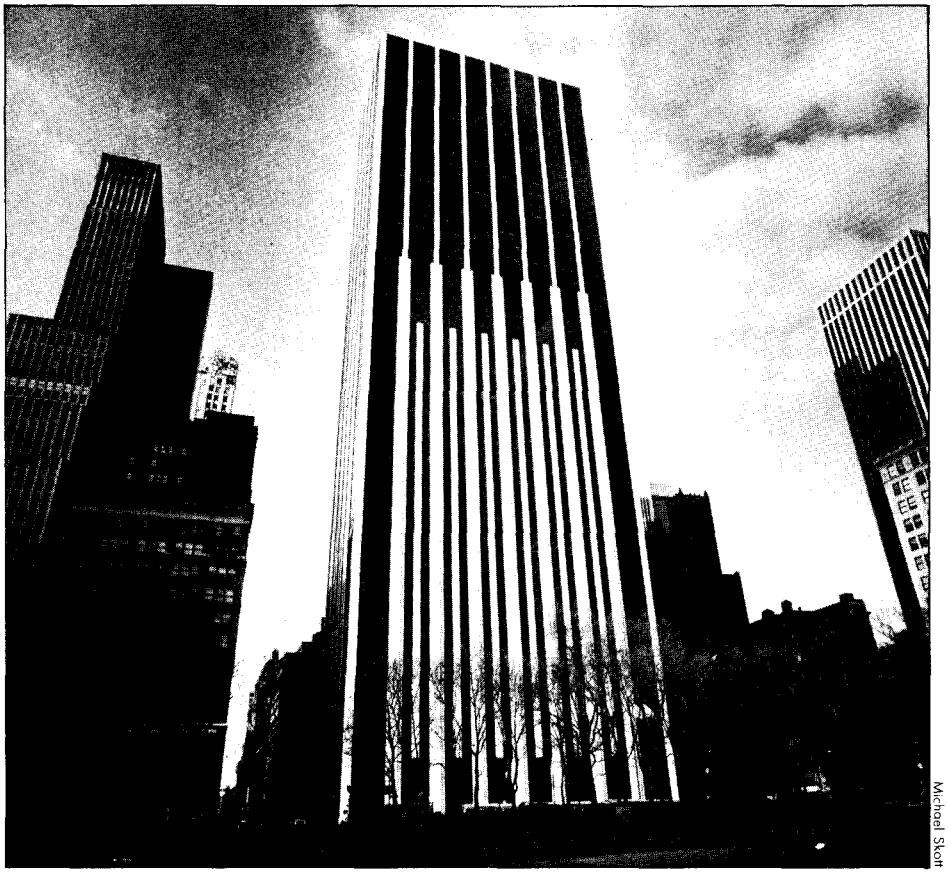
boardroom, and one would think that the omission of a quarterly dividend had been proposed. What worked before will do again, seems the refrain.

But did it work before? Most corporate buildings—and here I mean offices, not manufacturing or storage facilities—are at best examples of efficiency only by accounting department standards, for they appear to have been built, above all, with an eye to the bottom line. Like public housing projects, they are designed to contain as many occupants as possible; to give each occupant an adequate amount of space, light, and air; and to be cheap to erect. In the view of most corporate executives, this is the definition of a building that "works." Doing anything that would advance the state of architecture is a needless frill—in spite of the fact that corporations, far more than institutions, have the resources to make genuine contributions to the state of design.

This is not to suggest that corporate executives deliberately seek to create harsh environments. If anything, the most troubling thing about many offices is that the executives who make the design decisions think their choices are good ones. But if sadism is not the prevailing motif of office design, caution is. There is an enormous fear of the untried; and there is a feeling, as exemplified by the law firm that fills a new glass-and-steel skyscraper with Georgian furniture, that "image" is all.

But this is just the problem—if image is central in design (and there is nothing utterly wrong in that), what an awful image corporations have made for themselves! At least the law firm with its Williamsburg reproductions inside a glass tower has a sure sense of itself and is determined to exploit that sense with surroundings as direct and as powerful as those of a good stage set. But the banal world of beige walls and fluorescent lights and Formica desks inside boxes of concrete and glass is no such image—it has neither self-assuredness nor physical attractiveness.

In New York State, there are hundreds of examples of this type of corporate nonimage, and perhaps the best is that of the New York Telephone Company. The phone company is New York's largest single user of real estate—as of a couple of years ago, it occupied 26 million square feet of property around the state, or the equivalent of almost three World Trade Centers. Some of these buildings are small local offices, others are huge skyscrapers; and in almost every case, they are virtually devoid of novel ideas.



Michael Skott

New York Telephone Company's presence on Forty-second Street—"A boring box of glass."

Two examples: In 1974, construction was completed on the company's new headquarters building at Forty-second Street and the Avenue of the Americas, in New York City, a boring box of glass and glaring white marble set in vertical stripes. Not long afterward came a 540-foot-high false-windowed beige box beside the Brooklyn Bridge, built to house telephone company equipment and offices. That building, designed by architects Rose, Beaton and Rose, throws an entire neighborhood into shadow, and its portly form does to the delicate details of the nearby Brooklyn Bridge and the Municipal Building what a wrestler would do if thrust into a ballet troupe. The headquarters building, by Kahn & Jacobs, struggles hard to look elegant in all of its marble but succeeds only in looking nouveau riche. It has a plaza behind it that is about as inviting as a prison yard and a set of offices inside that show not much more imagination than does the average insurance salesman's office in Dubuque.

Imagination, of course, is the key. The phone company's building program is overseen by executives who are competent and well meaning but who have little experience in design. They are justly proud of their record of getting many buildings built economically and well, but there is not much more that they can point to. It is a classic case of the corporate design process: a highly structured bureaucratic system so tightly organized that it prevents any major gaffes and also prevents any fresh air from entering. Such systems are managed by people who lack the sophistication to innovate aesthetically or to trust those who can. In this, the phone company is hardly alone. (To give it its due, it has built a couple of decent if unremarkable buildings in New York—most notably, the huge, granite-sheathed American Telephone and Telegraph building on lower Broadway, designed by John Carl Warnecke Associates.)

More surprising than the telephone company's inability to build well is the failure of a project like the Rainier Bank Tower, in Seattle—a skyscraper that is balanced, with no corner supports, on a swooping central concrete podium. The building, designed by Minoru Yamasaki (who also did the World Trade Center, in New York), is intended to be a symbol of the bank, and it was conceived with serious intent, not with indifference. But it comes off as pretentious, simplistic, and silly; and its unusual form, which makes the tower look as if it is about to tip over, is rather frightening.

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Here, image took over from rationality, and that is no better than no image at all.

Or take the General Motors Building in New York, Edward Durell Stone's tower of vertical stripes of marble on Fifth Avenue at Fifty-ninth Street. While it was not actually built by General Motors, the great manufacturing concern, as the biggest tenant, had a role in the planning and can be held somewhat responsible for the gaudy pile that resulted: a piece of Miami Beach, replete with an enormous chandelier, come to Fifth Avenue. And not only to Fifth Avenue but also to the hallowed plot of land opposite the Plaza Hotel. The General Motors Building is architecture with fins: chrome and fake wood paneling, a bit of vulgar design that injects corporate arrogance into what has been one of New York's most gracious quarters.

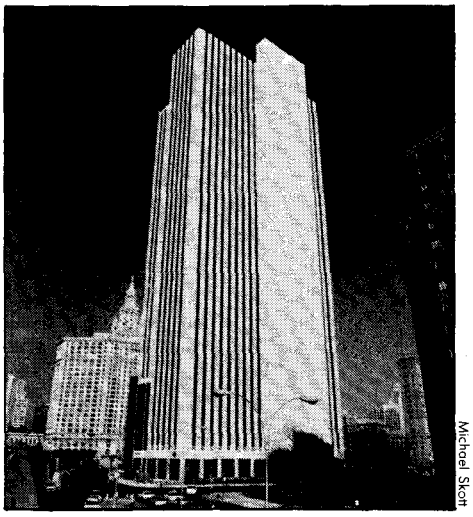
If General Motors should have known better, so, one would think, should *The New York Times*. It is redoing its offices into a landscape of Formica, orange carpets, and dark-brown walls, with inexpensive fabrics over stretchers for "art." The look will be cheap, even though, ironically, the cost won't be. This is true of a lot of corporate design, interior renovations as well as entirely new buildings. In Stamford, Connecticut, for example, there is a huge new office development called High Ridge Office Park that has become one of the city's most prestigious addresses, even though it is a veritable amusement park of silly architecture.

At High Ridge, which was designed by Victor Bisharat, each of the structures is some sort of variant on what could best be called a futuristic form—swooping curves are big here, and so are circles and gold reflective glass—and the buildings are set along a road that curves through the site, adding an element of suspense to a visit: What foolish form did Bisharat think of next, what piece of Buck Rogers lies around the next turn?

The flamboyant futurism of High Ridge, while amusing, is simplistic and dull. The park houses such utterly bizarre forms as the General Signal Corporation headquarters, a circular pavilion with all sorts of rounded decorative forms on the front—clearly a twisted imitation of the presidential residence in Brasília, designed by Oscar Niemeyer—and a building occupied by the American Thread Company that has an oversize front portico oozing down in a sagging curve, making the whole look like a creation by Yamasaki that has started to melt.

There are other such games: a bunch of curves topping off a stone base and another structure that looks like a cross between a military bunker and an Indian pueblo. What remains in one's mind after an extended visit is not Bisharat's imagination in coming up with these different forms, but his lack of it. For the buildings are not only similar in their way but they are also rather cramped inside (the huge, swooping portico of American Thread gives entrance to a tiny one-story lobby) and the materials used are crude.

High Ridge, General Motors, and the Rainier Tower are reactions against another sort of corporate design: the cool, austere world of modernism. Initiated in the 1920s



Michael Skott

"Beige box beside the Brooklyn Bridge."

by European architects like Ludwig Mies van der Rohe and Walter Gropius and later dubbed the "international style," this was a radical movement at first, as far away from the corporate image as anything could be. But the imagery of glass walls and of chrome-and-glass furniture began to take hold among corporate executives after World War II, and by the 1950s, the glass box—created originally to symbolize a new social order—had become a veritable symbol of the corporate status quo.

This happened for a number of reasons. One was that the glass-and-steel aesthetic was, and still is, capable of being created cheaply. Mies van der Rohe and Philip Johnson's incomparably elegant Seagram Building may not have been constructed on a tight budget, but the hundreds of imitations have been; and in an age when there is neither the money nor the craftsmanship to produce finely carved classical details in limestone, the economy of a prefabricated glass front matters.

Yet another reason for the depth to which the latest movement has pervaded corporate design brings us back to the idea of image. Modernism created the image of a structured, highly ordered world, in command of technology and assured of its future. What better image could a corporation seek in the postwar years of business growth?

This image still has its hold, as witness the continued success of architectural firms like Skidmore, Owings & Merrill. But there is also a growing reaction against the image, which such desperate attempts at theatrics as High Ridge and Rainier reflect.

What has yet to happen is for this counterimage reaction to set in among the nation's best and most creative architects. Usually, corporate executives and real estate developers (who make a great many design decisions) go to a few tired, familiar architects, even when they want a building that will break away from the glass box. The architectural exceptions to this practice are few enough to list: Johnson's twin towers for Pennzoil, in Houston, and his full-block IDS Center complex, in Minneapolis; Kevin Roche's pristine headquarters for Richardson-Merrell, in Wilton, Connecticut; Romaldo Giurgola's careful joining of old with new for the Penn Mutual Insurance Company, in Philadelphia; and Edward Larrabee Barnes's upcoming IBM Building, in New York.

There is no place on this list for architects like Venturi & Rauch, Charles Moore, Richard Meier, Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, or Frank Gehry—to name just a few of the more creative designers active right now. Corporate clients seem to stay away in droves from such younger architects. This is nothing new. Neither Frank Lloyd Wright nor Louis Kahn nor Le Corbusier was the darling of board chairmen. And it was not until late in their careers (and long after their creativity had peaked) that such architects as Marcel Breuer and Gropius began to attract corporate commissions.

The growing reaction against the purist modern vocabulary is perhaps cause for some optimism. It seems increasingly clear that the days of the international style as *the* expression of the corporate ethos are numbered. Still, one cannot but be disturbed at the current state of affairs. Corporations pride themselves on their ability to see the world in fresh terms, yet few have had the kind of vision that would have added to the architectural accomplishments of our time. Buildings are cultural symbols as well as functional and aesthetic objects. If I read the symbolism of today's corporate architecture correctly, it stands for a business world of emptiness and banality. ◉

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Music to My Ears

Tippett, Wilson, and the Musical Quote

by Irving Kolodin

HAVING JUST PASSED his seventy-third birthday (January 5), Sir Michael Tippett can hardly be described as the "coming man" to succeed Benjamin Britten, who died a year ago, as England's premier composer. He may, however, be described as The Man in the Wings, awaiting spiritual coronation in the English musical establishment. A sir (1966) even before he was a surrogate, Tippett once again proved his right to highest rank when his Symphony No. 4 was introduced to the world by Sir Georg Solti and the Chicago Symphony in their home city's Orchestra Hall and later played at New York's Carnegie.

A terse, musically complex score, Tippett's No. 4 is a towering new presence on the musical landscape. Within its 30 minutes, Tippett has concentrated the major components of a four-movement symphony. The uninterrupted sequence presents to the ear what an unfamiliar mountain range, seen from a distance, does to the eye: The bulk of it commands attention; the variety of it demands closer acquaintance.

Normally, such in-depth familiarity would come only after years of evaluating accumulated performances. But thanks to a subsequent broadcast (and, in the future, to the study tape that could be derived from it), the analytic language of Arrand Parsons's program notes has acquired aural fulfillment in a matter of days. The two dominant elements of action and inaction with which Tippett is working have here been joined, juxtaposed, and counterpoised. This approach supplants the old order of thematic development in symphonic design by substituting argument, dissension, and reconciliation. Such elements pertain to known human differences and difficulties in a way that makes the climax hit with the force of a fist in the face. Best of all, the power behind it is intensely organic, not synthetic; the language is cohesive and intelligible.

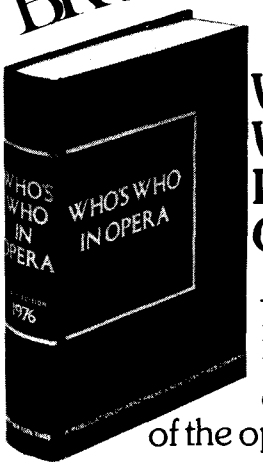
Unlike Britten, who spent three early years of his career in America (1939–1941) and thus had an identity and an audience here all his musical life, Tippett has come to transatlantic prominence only lately. In this he differs not only from Britten but also from Edward Elgar, the first in this century's line of English masters, and from Ralph Vaughan Williams, who succeeded Elgar. Each of them had, from early in his career, a work that made his name famous even in this country. For Elgar, it was the *Pomp and Circumstance* marches; for Vaughan Williams, his *Fantasia on Greensleeves*; for Britten, the *Young Person's Guide to the Orchestra*. For Tippett, there was no comparable early success in America.

At home, however, Tippett has been esteemed for years for the power of intellect that in the war years of the Forties brought into being the strikingly expressive oratorio *A Child of Our Time*. This sizable work for solo voices, chorus, and orchestra was provoked in Tippett by his anguish and wrath at the Nazi indignities that impelled a young Jew, Herschel Grynsban, to assassinate a German diplomat, Gerhard vom Rath, in the late Thirties. What has this world come to, Tippett's self-written text asks, that such a necessity should befall "a child of our time"? The work soars beyond the ecumenical to the interracial in Tippett's beautifully sensitized use of Negro spirituals, rather than Lutheran hymns, for the communal voice of the chorus. In the after-echoes of "Deep River," with which the oratorio ends, the listener recognizes an artist of independent mind and emotional convictions in Tippett, a man possessed of the skill to articulate both.

Over the years since *A Child* was first performed, in 1944, Tippett has produced a sizable catalog of carefully crafted, highly personalized instrumental works, including three string quartets, a concerto for orchestra, four symphonies, of course, and the warmly resonant *Fantasia concertante on a theme of Corelli*, as well as two outstanding operas, *The Midsummer Marriage* and *The Knot Garden*, both performed at home and elsewhere.

Praise of Tippett's works need not be taken on faith. All of those mentioned above—and twice as many others—are readily available on recordings. A prime mover in this valuable service has been con-

BRAVISSIMO!



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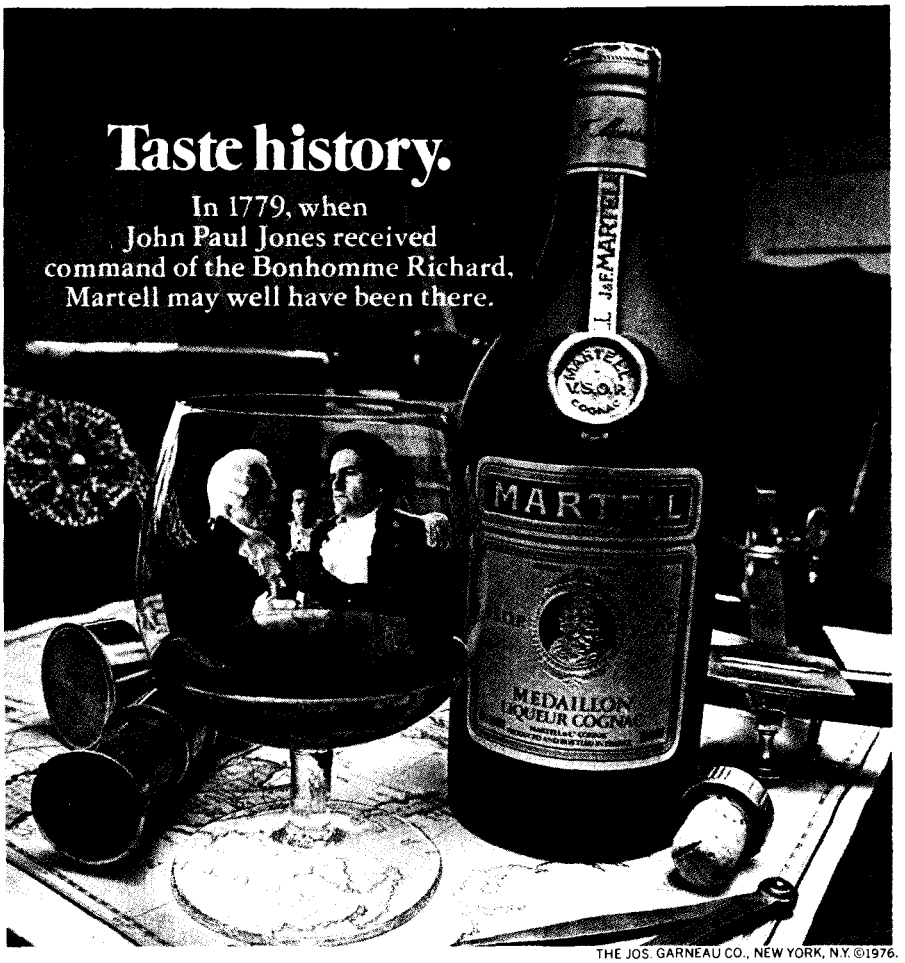

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ductor Colin Davis, Tippett's most articulate interpreter. With the collaboration of the Dutch firm of Philips, Davis may do for Tippett what London/Decca did for Britten.

The interested listener also may trace through recordings the evolution that produced Symphony No. 1, in 1945; No. 2, in 1957; and No. 3, in 1972. With the fourth symphony now in existence (a recording will inevitably appear), one can hope for a fifth and a sixth. Sir Michael is a tall, strong man, celebrated for not looking anything like his threescore and ten plus years—with mental capacities to match.

We also may look forward to further expressions of Tippett's implicit belief in the indivisibility of all music, through his incorporation of musical quotes. In his third symphony, he makes striking use of the dissonant outburst (at the end of the *adagio e molto cantabile*) in Beethoven's Ninth Symphony. To point a purpose of his own in the No. 4, Tippett alludes to a fantasia of England's seventeenth-century master, Orlando Gibbons. In *The Knot Garden*, he includes the lovely musical statement of Schubert's "Die liebe Farbe" in a way that mingles humor, warmth, and poetry.

Such allusions and references have, over the centuries, added much to musical pleasure in works as various as Mozart's *Don Giovanni* and Jacob Druckman's splendidly misty *Mirage* (recently introduced by Richard Dufallo), in which Debussy's *Sirènes* is cited.

In one program of the Chicago Symphony's, performed during its most recent visit to New York, Solti made a neat aural joke of this practice by juxtaposing two works interrelated by such quotations: Rossini's overture to *Il Barbiere di Siviglia* and Stravinsky's *Jeu de cartes*, in which the Russian used one of the Italian's sauciest ideas to animate the card game he was musically projecting.

The musical quote [*SR*, February 8, 1975] is fancied by some composers, shunned by others. Luciano Berio used his allusionary skill in basing the scherzo of his fine *Sinfonia* on a movement in Mahler's Symphony No. 2 and in superimposing on it a wide range of recognizable references. But I owe the composer Dr. Olly Wilson an apology for stating [*SR*, October 15, 1977] that the prerecorded tape used in "Sometime" (heard at a concert in the "Celebration of Black Composers" series at Lincoln Center a few months ago) contained, in the referential sense, "excerpts from works of Berio and other contemporary composers." Not so, says Professor Wilson. All the music was his own.

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The Movies

My All-time Favorites

by Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.

"DEMOCRACY LAYS AN EGG" is the title Russell Baker of *The New York Times* gave to a column I wish I had written myself about the recent American Film Institute (AFI) poll on the 10 greatest American films. Baker says everything so deftly that variations on the same theme by another hand are doomed to anticlimax. Nevertheless, having invested vagrant thought and some wonderment in meditations on the AFI poll, I will venture further reflections.

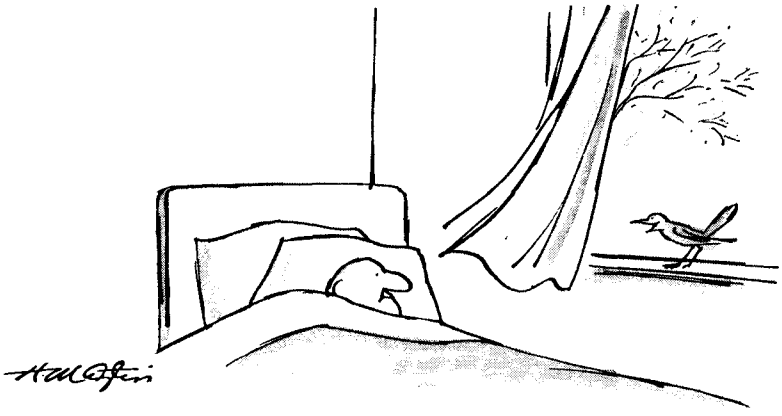
The AFI, of course, is an admirable organization. Under the direction of George Stevens, Jr., it has done noble work in the rescue and preservation of old movies as well as in the training and funding of young moviemakers. It chose to celebrate its tenth anniversary this year by, among other things, asking its membership to pick the 10 greatest American movies. I share Baker's bafflement at the results.

The greatest American movie ever made, according to the poll, is *Gone with the Wind*—not the longest; the greatest. *Gone with the Wind* seemed to me a stately and sentimental pomposity when I saw it in 1939 and an interminable bore when I saw it again a year or two ago. Except for that marvelous tracking shot of the Confederate wounded lying in the great square in Atlanta, it is a work without cinematic flair and, except for Clark Gable, without memorable performance.

Citizen Kane came in second. There can be no argument about that other than that *Kane* is at least 500 times greater a film than *GWTW*. I will also concede the poll *2001: A Space Odyssey*, that stunning imagination of the future; *The Wizard of Oz*, that most ingenious and endearing of musicals; and, I guess, *Casablanca*, because it is as freshly full of spirit, romance, and effrontery today as it was 35 years ago and because it shows how brilliantly professional Hollywood can (could) be even when it isn't trying to make a film for the ages. Strong arguments, in addition, can be made for *Grapes of Wrath* and *Singin' in the Rain*.

The African Queen? A touching romantic comedy, but minor Bogart, minor Hepburn, minor Spiegel. Can anyone really think *The African Queen* a better movie than those two other Spiegel productions, *On the Waterfront* and *The Bridge on the River Kwai*? As for the remaining selections of the AFI poll, *Star Wars* and *One Flew Over the Cuckoo's Nest*, they, for all their merits, represent presentism—i.e., very short memory—with a vengeance.

In advance, one would have declared it impossible for any collection of film buffs to choose the 10 greatest American films and forget all about Charlie Chaplin. Yet this is what the sages marking the AFI ballot incredibly did. Surely *Modern Times* or *City Lights* belongs on any sensible list. And no silent films? *The Birth of a Nation* is too blatantly racist to be one of the 10 greatest. But one can catch Von Stroheim's *Greed* in film society showings these days. It belongs very near the top of Hollywood's artistic achievement.



"Hi! I'm the catbird of contentment substituting for the bluebird of happiness, who's on vacation."

No westerns? No *High Noon* or *Stagecoach* or *Shane* or *Red River* or *My Darling Clementine*? No gangster films? No *Little Caesar* or *Scarface* or *High Sierra*? No films of bourgeois criminality—*The Maltese Falcon* or *Double Indemnity* or *The Big Sleep*? None of those small, gemlike films that stay forever in mind—Huston's *Treasure of Sierra Madre* or Kubrick's *Paths of Glory* or Wellman's *The Ox-Bow Incident*? None of the great legend-making films—no *King Kong* nor *Frankenstein*? No Griffith, no Lubitsch, no Hawks, no Hitchcock, no Stevens, no Lang, no Cukor nor Wyler nor Wilder?

Well, 10 films are only 10 films. Having gone this far, I must put my own head into the lion's jaws. The task is not easy. Tastes alter with time. Fifteen years ago I would have unhesitatingly put Ford's *The Informer* on any list of the greats. Seeing it again recently, I found it, to my sorrow, a little on the stagy and artificial side.

I would start now with four from the AFI list—*Kane*, *2001*, *Oz*, and *Casablanca*. Let us at once add *Modern Times* and *Greed*. Four places remain. One I would assign to the original *The Front Page*—the version made in 1931 by Lewis Milestone with Adolphe Menjou and Pat O'Brien, a movie that in the near half century since has not been surpassed in boldness of pace, audacity of camera movement, sharpness of dialogue, or vividness of performance.

Then surely there must be a Lubitsch—possibly *To Be or Not to Be*, that superb black comedy; or the enchanting *Ninotchka*; or *The Shop Around the Corner*, that delectable Viennese pastry; but, on balance, I would go for *Trouble in Paradise*, a small but perfect movie, glittering like a diamond. Then a western—and here, after long and prayerful reflection, I take *High Noon* because it is so lyrical a distillation of the western myth, with its quintessential walkdown on the empty village street and with the sublime and sardonic weariness of Gary Cooper as the sheriff.

One place remains. Here caution, or cowardice, supervenes. Kazan's *On the Waterfront*? Lean's *Kwai*? Stevens's *A Place in the Sun*? Hitchcock's best American film, which in my view is *Strangers on a Train*? *Kong*? Huston's *Falcon* or *Treasure*? Or the AFI choices, *Grapes of Wrath* or *Singin' in the Rain*? Any of these would complete the list honorably, as would a score of other films. I will reserve the tenth place for the secrecy of the booth. The vote will not go to *Cuckoo's Nest* or *Star Wars*. ◉

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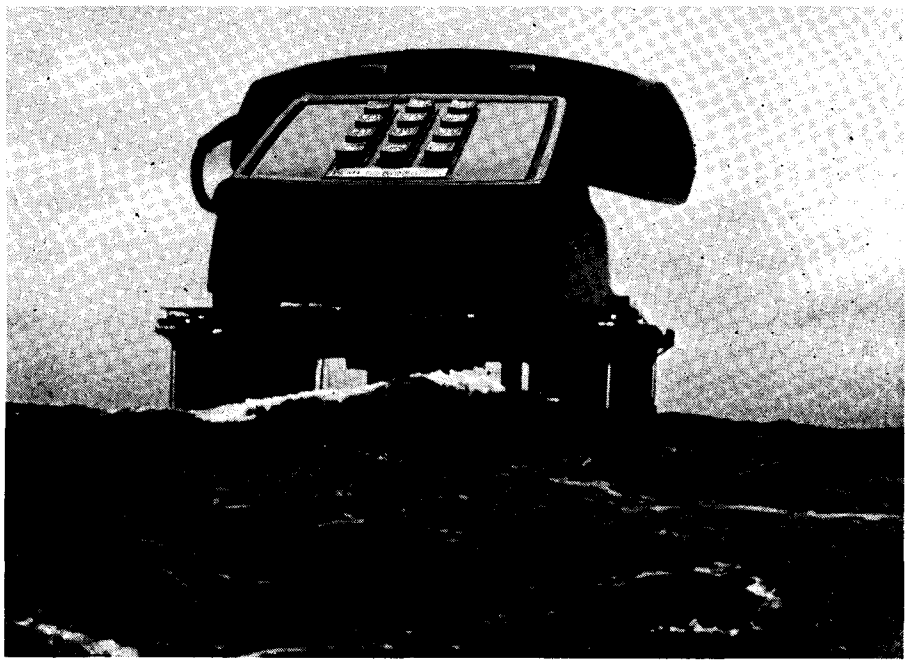
A report on a matter of public interest:

How the Bell System is pumping more service out of less oil.

In 1973, when the OPEC oil embargo went into effect, the Bell System committed itself to reducing its energy consumption. That commitment has been fulfilled. In four years, the Bell System has saved the energy equivalent of almost 24 million barrels of oil and over 415 million dollars in energy costs—savings that help hold down the cost of your telephone bills.

Today, the Bell System is actually using 11 per cent less energy than it did in 1973, even though the number of telephones in service has risen over 16 per cent and the volume of business has increased 33 per cent.



Here's how we are combining common sense with uncommon technology in four basic areas to achieve Zero Energy Growth.

Telephones are reconditioned three times.

The Bell System's energy needs begin with the power and fuel necessary to design and manufacture the basic communications components—cables, wire and equipment such as your home telephone.

In general, it takes much more energy to manufacture such items from scratch than it does to recycle them. Because Bell System equipment is designed by Bell Labs to be reliable, repairable *and* recyclable, extensive energy cutbacks have been realized through 40 years of recycling and reuse. New, more energy-efficient processes are constantly being devised by Western Electric, some of which entail modifying original designs for even greater materials and power savings.

Since 1974, the Bell conservation program has saved the energy equivalent of over three million barrels of oil by recycling metals. Also, more than six million equivalent barrels of oil have been saved through the reuse of equipment. The average telephone, for example, is reconditioned three times before it is unrepairable or obsolete.

New technology does more with less.

Another area in which the Bell System is effecting energy savings is in power for switching and transmission equipment. Constantly, new energy-saving technology is being added to the system. *Item:* Over two billion power-saving transistors, diodes and integrated circuits have been put into use. *Item:* Light Emitting Diodes (LEDs) are replacing incandescent bulbs in switchboards and telephones, saving over 90 per cent of the previously required power. *Item:* A new

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microprocessor called MAC-8 is less than one-tenth the size of a postage stamp yet contains the equivalent of over 7,000 transistors. The MAC-8 can execute several hundred electronic "thinking" functions, yet it will operate on only one-tenth of a watt of power.

Smaller vehicles power giant fleet.

Twenty-two per cent of Bell's energy requirements are in fuel for its fleet of over 170,000 vehicles, the largest privately owned and operated motor fleet in the world. Here, a number of commonsense procedures have been adopted: engines are carefully tuned for peak efficiency, smaller and more fuel-efficient vehicles are being used, and shuttle services have been set up between some company locations. In addition, New York Telephone Company is experimenting with nonpolluting, energy-saving electric-powered trucks. Due to these and other efforts, the Bell System in 1976 used over five per cent less motor fuel than in 1973.

Even employees' body heat is used.

Heating, lighting and air conditioning of Bell System's 25,000 buildings account for 45 per cent of its energy needs. Broad economies have been achieved simply by removing thousands of unnecessary lights; by lowering temperature settings; by cutting back on hot water temperatures; and by heating or cooling unoccupied areas only to the extent required for equipment operations.

Moving beyond the obvious conservation measures, the Bell System created a building energy management program to redesign and retrofit existing buildings to improve their energy efficiency. Two examples of other power-saving programs at Bell facilities:

• On windy Block Island, Rhode Island, the New England Telephone Company began operating a wind dynamo in September, 1976. It can produce up to 15 kilowatts of electricity to power a central office and microwave radio terminal. Excess power from the windmill is fed back to the power company.

• In AT&T's new Basking Ridge, New Jersey, facility, an innovative computerized system heats about 1½ million feet of office space by recovering excess heat from the building environment—lights, equipment and the body heat of employees. It is estimated that the system uses 25 per cent less energy than conventional heating/cooling systems.

Bell trials of solar heating and cooling are providing valuable data which should lead to more widespread use of alternate energy systems.

Windmill helps power central phone office and microwave radio terminal (tower at right) on Block Island.

Today, throughout the Bell System, our commitment to energy conservation is more than a goal; it is an ongoing reality. And in looking to the future, we anticipate that in 1982 we will still be using no more energy than was used in 1973. *Keeping your phone system the best in the world.*

Bell System

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Not for Men Only

Beyond the Male Myth: A National Survey
by Anthony Pietropinto, M.D., and Jacqueline Simenauer
Times Books, 430 pp., $12.50

Male Sexuality: A Guide to Sexual Fulfillment
by Bernie Zilbergeld, Ph.D.
Little, Brown, 352 pp., $12.95

Reviewed by Peter Andrews

I WAS NOT privileged to have been the recipient of formal sex education. I learned about sex from the neighborhood kids, whose information was inaccurate, twisted, dirty, and endlessly fascinating. The closest I ever got to sexual instruction was when I was fifteen, during a spectacularly painful discussion with my father, who manifestly felt the subject was not a fit topic of conversation for the two of us—and I'm not so sure he wasn't right. After a series of baffling zoological references, he finally threw up his hands, slipped me $5, told me to go to the movies, and in a strangled voice imparted the first and last sexual advice he ever offered me: "Always keep your hat on and never sign your name."

Inadequate by today's standards, but if a father is going to send his son off to the sexual wars with only two pieces of information, they aren't bad picks. I thought about that long-ago conversation (monologue, actually—my thoughts on sexual matters were not solicited and they certainly were never offered) as I was reading a pair of recently released books on male sexuality. I wondered what my father would have thought about them. My guess is he would have been as intrigued as I was. Whether he would have let me read them is another question.

Bookstore shelves have for a long time been jammed with volumes on sexuality and sexual instruction. But they have generally concerned themselves with women. The working theory seems to have been that while women were supposed to find sex a dark and mysterious puzzle, men, who were interested in only one thing, presumably already knew all there was to know about the subject. Men were supposed to be the virtuosos of sex, playing masterfully on that frail instrument, woman. In reality, as any male who has ever tried to drive a convertible with one hand while unhooking a bra with the other will tell you, there are technical demands involved that can be extremely difficult to master.

One of the unlooked-for benefits of rising feminism is a growing awareness that men are not the somewhat simplistic sexual machines they were thought to be and may have extensive problems of their own. Two interesting and useful books address themselves to the nature and the practice of male sexuality. Although they have been released by different publishers, they could be classed as companion volumes. One is almost entirely devoted to theories about the nature of male sexuality and to the attitudes of men concerning sexual relationships, while the other is all about sexual techniques.

Beyond the Male Myth: A National Survey, by Anthony Pietropinto and Jacqueline Simenauer, is actually the result of a double survey. The authors first asked a number of women what they wanted to know from men about their thoughts on women in general and sex in particular. This material was then worked up into an exhaustive questionnaire and presented to a cross section of the male population. The findings take up more than 400 closely packed pages, including some 80 pages of charts and statistical analyses.

The authors sometimes throw up a welter of statistics that, although interesting, require someone with a more clinical turn of mind than mine to know what to make of them. Fourteen percent of the men said virgins make them nervous, but 32 percent said they want to marry one. Thirty-seven percent said kissing is the most pleasurable sexual activity during foreplay, while 26.5 percent favor oral sex, and so on down the line to 1.6 percent who don't like any kind of foreplay at all. Forty-seven percent said they had cheated on their wives or steady girl friends, while 49.5 percent said they had not. The authors were able to document a number of trends in contemporary sexual practices. Oral sex has become increasingly popular with the younger respondents, and 24.4 percent of the total sample wish there was even more. "We are seeing," the authors tell us, "a shift in attention from the breasts to the genital area in foreplay." This is confirmed by a statistical breakdown showing that 27 percent of men over forty still cite the bosom as the source of the most pleasure during foreplay, while the percentage drops to 21 percent in the thirty to thirty-nine age bracket, and down to 18 percent for men under thirty. Now that I know all of this, I am not entirely sure what it is that I know, but I suppose it was interesting to find out. How interested other readers will be will depend largely on their capacity for statistical information.

What saves *Beyond the Male Myth* from being merely a catalog of sexual preferences is that the authors, through a series of essay questions, have sincerely tried to draw a picture of what American men really feel about sex. Pietropinto and Simenauer are researchers with a heart. The picture they have painted of American men is considerably more sympathetic than the one we are used to seeing—especially the one we were given in the somewhat hysterical Hite Report, which pretty well relegated men to the unfeeling brute category, interested only in their own pleasure and unmindful of women's sexual needs.

According to *Beyond the Male Myth*, American men do care deeply about the requirements of their sexual partners. Almost 85 percent said they deliberately try to delay their own orgasm for the benefit of the woman, and almost 70 percent said they do not consider the sex act completed until the woman either is satisfied or wants to stop for whatever reason. The survey showed that unlike the stereotype of the locker room joke, most men are not looking for the traditional "hot number" when seeking a woman. Asked what type of woman they want for a long-term relationship, the largest single group, 28.4 percent, checked "a woman with concern for my needs." Twenty-three percent desire a "sincere" woman, 20.8 percent want an "affectionate" woman, 16.1 percent said they prefer an "intelligent" woman, and

Peter Andrews is a free-lance writer.

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12.2 percent said they most admire a "self-confident" woman. A "sexy" woman came in a dreary sixth, favored by only 11.1 percent, while a woman with a "good sense of humor" brought up the rear at 10.3 percent. In spite of the sexual revolution, a full 65 percent still think that a monogamous relationship constitutes the ideal sex-life situation.

Perhaps I am prejudiced in favor of my own sex, but I am convinced that this more humane vision of American men is closer to the mark than the cartoon sketched by the Hite Report, with its built-in lesbian bias. And yet, I can't shake the feeling that it may be shaded on the high-minded side. The authors opened their survey by telling prospective respondents that the questions were based on "what women want to know about men." It has been my sad experience that when men talk to women about sex, they do not, as a general rule, tell the absolute truth but instead tend to say what they think women want to hear.

It is perhaps unfair to compare my private memory with the results of a seriously undertaken national survey, but I recall that when I was in school, it was supposed to be an absolute point of honor that no boy would tell a girl he loved her just to gain her sexual favors. Such conduct, we all agreed, was reprehensible and beneath our station as young gentlemen. If a survey at the time had questioned us on this point, we would have replied overwhelmingly that we would never do such a thing. In practice, it was another story. If there was the slightest chance you could get a girl to neck with you, you would tell her *anything*. Sex is not the newest concept in the world, and I cannot imagine that it has changed that much since I first learned about it.

Still, with the possible caveat that *Beyond the Male Myth* may tell more about the way men think they are supposed to feel about sex than about the way they really do, this is a valuable volume that makes one of the few serious attempts to discover male sexual attitudes.

If Pietropinto and Simenauer are theoreticians of sex, Bernie Zilbergeld is a master technician of the craft. His book, *Male Sexuality: A Guide to Sexual Fulfillment*, tells men everything they've ever wanted to know about male sexual techniques, and quite possibly a few things they never did want to know. A sex therapist in practice in California, Zilbergeld brings a jaunty air to his calling. When he breezes into the room and asks, "How are we today?" he means the three of you—himself, the patient, and the patient's penis. It turns out that one of you isn't doing so well, and in some 300 pages, Zilbergeld tells you what you can do about it. The book is jammed with sexual self-awareness quizzes and practical exercises to improve prowess. There is even a chapter devoted to instruction on how to masturbate, which I would have thought was unskilled labor if ever there was such a thing, but Zilbergeld finds otherwise. Many of his exercises are, as they say in the English theater, "a bit near the bone" for recapitulation in a general-interest magazine, but they seem to be instructive and useful.

One of the author's principal theses is that the cult of performance that has already ruined so many simple pleasures in American life is also wreaking havoc with our sex lives. It is no longer enough to have sex feel good; now you have to do it well. "We make work of sex," Zilbergeld says. "It becomes businesslike and mechanical, another job to be done, another goal to be achieved."

In one enchanting case history, Zilbergeld recites the story of a man who made love to a woman shortly after meeting her, not because he wanted to but because he felt it was expected of him. What the tired swain really desired most of all was a back rub, but as he plaintively observed, "How can you ask for a massage on the first date?"

It was along about then that I began to feel I was getting beyond my depth, but Zilbergeld kept piling on the advice and the counsel with such cheery goodwill that I persevered, and in the end he had rather won me over. Beyond his detailed analyses of the mechanics of sex, Zilbergeld is a humanist preaching a simple doctrine: Sex is one of the greatest pleasures of life, but the earth doesn't have to move on its axis every time we engage in it. According to Zilbergeld, sex should be a joy, not a challenge. And if we would only relax, we would all enjoy it even more.

Good advice in any endeavor. ●

Caged Misery

Richard Wright Reader
Edited by Ellen Wright and Michel Fabre
Harper & Row, 832 pp., $13.95 cloth, $6.95 paper

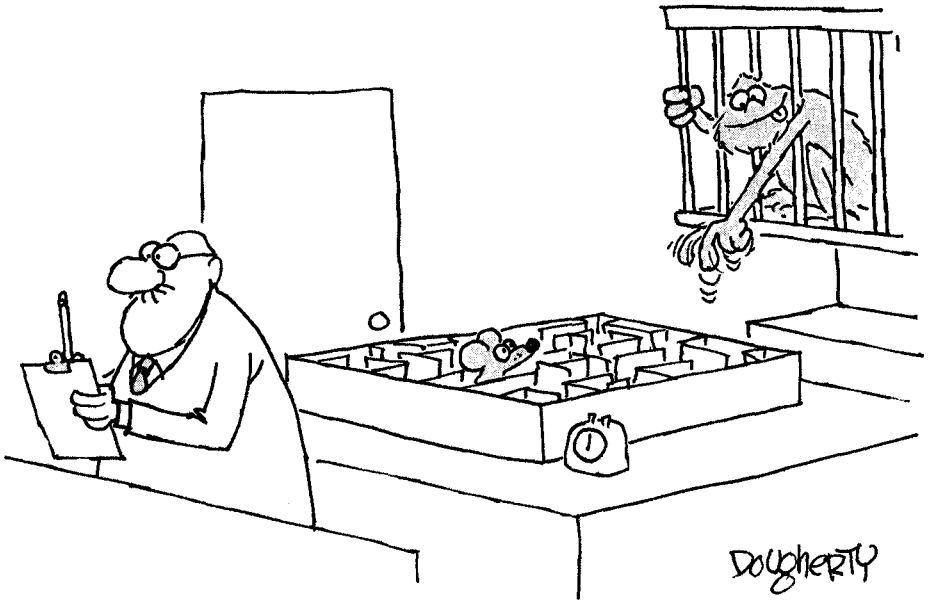
American Hunger
by Richard Wright
Harper & Row, 147 pp., $8.95

Reviewed by Robert F. Moss

THE HARLEM renaissance of the 1920s and 1930s has gone down in history as a black literary movement of considerable magnitude. Yet nothing in the homesick longings of Claude McKay (*Banana Bottom*), in the urban satire of Rudolph Fisher (*Walls of Jericho*), or in the mystic pastoralism of Jean Toomer (*Cane*) prepared the American public for Richard Wright's harrowing *Native Son*, which appeared in 1940. A letter bomb for white America, the novel made no apologies for its hero's hostility toward his country and carefully swathed his two brutal murders in psychosocial justifications. In addition, Wright put his Communist sympathies in plain view.

Prior to the depression, readers of any race would have recoiled in horror, but 10 years of radical agitation on behalf of op-

Robert F. Moss is a free-lance critic and writer.



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pressed minorities had left white intellectuals receptive to even the most vehement racial protests Indeed, Wright's novel may have given white people their earliest opportunity to work off racial guilt through art, a phenomenon that one can still observe at any performance of *Bubbling Brown Sugar* or of the latest play by Ed Bullins.

Greeted by this social climate, *Native Son* became the first work by a black author to be selected by the Book-of-the-Month Club, an achievement that assured its commercial success. The book was praised warmly by the critics, and Wright thus became the first black to gain something more than a junior membership in the literary establishment. *Black Boy*, a sensitive autobiography recounting the poverty and persecution of Wright's youth in the Deep South and his emigration from there to Chicago, was another hit. He soon achieved worldwide fame, and when he moved to Paris in the late Forties, European intellectual circles—always throbbing with smug, uninformed sympathy for victims of the "American dilemma"—proclaimed him their *éminence noire*. Having expatriated himself not only from America but also from every moral system he had encountered there, Wright now embraced the favored philosophy of his hosts: existentialism. (He had already moved tentatively in this direction in 1945 with his novella *The Man Who Lived Underground.*) Unfortunately, the heavily metaphysical novel he wrote during his "French period," *The Outsider*, is grossly inferior to his earlier work, which succeeded primarily because it was homegrown and because it captured with raw immediacy the life of black America. He produced ambitious nonfiction as well, but at the time of his death, in 1960, Wright had long since been eclipsed by his own disciples, particularly James Baldwin and Ralph Ellison.

With the rise of black studies programs throughout the country, an omnibus collection of Wright's work was inevitable. The author's widow, Ellen Wright, and Michel Fabre, a specialist in Afro-American literature at the Sorbonne, have assembled a broad sampling of Wright's work; it takes us from *Uncle Tom's Children*, his first published volume, to *The Long Dream*, a late novel. Although the anthology is weighted toward Wright's fiction, there are representative selections from his correspondence, his poetry, his political and literary essays, and his travel writing. Those who know Wright only as the author of *Native Son* and *Black Boy* will be interested to learn that his wide-ranging interests extended to the works of Gertrude Stein, one of which he reviewed for *P.M.*; to the problems of underdeveloped nations, on which he wrote and lectured throughout the last decade of his life; and even to bullfighting, which he analyzed exhaustively in *Pagan Spain*.

It can be argued that the *Richard Wright Reader* is not all that one might have hoped for in an anthology of the author's work. A disproportionate amount of space is devoted to the mediocre fiction Wright turned out in the Fifties. Perhaps some of this material could have been profitably neglected in favor of Wright's mature political and social commentary, represented here by excerpts from *Black Power.* It might have been better to supplement this section of the book with portions of *White Man, Listen!*, a stimulating set of essays that the editors have unaccountably bypassed.

This misgiving aside, however, the editors can be congratulated for having constructed a miniature panorama of Wright's career. Surveying its scope, we see that a man's past is never really dead. For Wright, the formative experiences were his mother's religious fanaticism (she was a Seventh-day Adventist), with its crippling repressions and proscriptions, and the virulent racism that confronted him at nearly every stage of his determined search for self-realization. Brutalized and misunderstood by both his family and his society, Wright developed personal characteristics that were reflected in most of his writing: rebelliousness, introversion, a quest for selfhood, a longing for stable and meaningful values, an appetite for violence.

The editors lead off with a segment from *Black Boy* that depicts Wright's adolescent struggle to educate himself beyond his station with forbidden library books. He acquires these by forging a note in the name of a white friend: "Dear Madam: Will you please let this nigger boy have some books by H. L. Mencken?" He had already outgrown the one-dimensional identity whites had designed for him and was learning to hate instead of fear them. "It was probably a mere accident that I never killed," he comments offhandedly. It is no surprise, then, to move on to Wright's short journalistic piece, "Joe Louis Uncovers Dynamite," one of the author's earliest publications, and find Wright exulting over Louis's defeat of Max Baer in their 1935 bout. Racial antagonism and violence come together again in "Long Black Song" and "Fire and Cloud," a couple of rather crude stories from *Uncle Tom's Children*. These two strains culminate in *Native Son*, in which Wright's account of the black

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American's caged misery is so convincing that we accept murder as an understandable (if not excusable) response.

Freedom, an especially sacred word in the black vocabulary, meant more than just political liberty to Wright. The search for an authentic self consumed the novelist from one end of his career to the other as he shed successive identities supplied by his religion-obsessed mother, by the southern bigots he fled, and by the northern Communists he joined. But *The Outsider* shows that Wright, for all his intelligence and willpower, could not remake himself. The existentialism he embraced so fervently was only another religion, replacing both Christianity and communism, whereas the novel's spiritual thrashings, rhetorical afflatus, and relentless pedantry are more reminiscent of the tabernacle than of the French cafés Wright frequented at that time.

Many of these same conclusions can be drawn from *American Hunger*, a slender, autobiographical work that was detached from the original manuscript of *Black Boy* and that has now been published in its entirety for the first time. Here, writing of Chicago in the 1930s, Wright is at his naturalistic best. He offers spare and telling sketches of racial abuse and condescension, of working conditions at the time, of poisonous factionalism and ideological rigidity among the Communists, of his groping emergence as an artist. Like all of Wright's memorable work, it makes creative use of his past rather than turning away from it in self-defeating gestures of renunciation. As in *Native Son* and *Black Boy*, he brings an unusual combination of intelligence and candor to the subject of race relations and teaches blacks what to be proud of in their heritage—and whites what to be ashamed of in theirs. ●

Light, Motion, Life

To a Blossoming Pear Tree
by James Wright
Farrar, Straus & Giroux, 80 pp., $7.95

Reviewed by Robert Pinsky

SOME ARTISTS create work as clearly attractive as fresh bread by proceeding in ways that, according to the best principles, ought to produce dross, lint, and inert material.

James Wright's poems, for example, always offer the reader something worth appreciating, even when it is only the firmness and liveliness of his rhythms and sentences. I wish that everyone would read his poems, because they show how appealing contemporary poetry can be—and also, I admit, because they illustrate dramatically some of the ways contemporary poetry has constricted its horizons. Perhaps all of Wright's work since *The Branch Will Not Break* (1963) ought to come with a warning to the impressionable: Do Not Imitate; Can Be Fatal.

The quality I have in mind could be indicated either by the approving reviewer's cliché that the poet "trusts his imagination" or by the disapproving reviewer's cliché that would call him "self-indulgent." Beyond question, Wright indulges himself, and creates fine work by doing so; he trusts his imagination absolutely, and though it is more trustworthy than that of most writers, it sometimes lets him down.

Wright never goes very far from his characteristic subject, a subject based upon his

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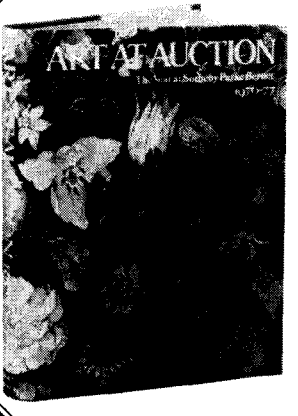

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own sensibility: a sense that the world is almost—but not quite—too painful, damaged, and fadingly sweet to be endured. Even as one writes that, it seems that such a theme must lead only to sentimental drivel; but Wright often masters the material because of his sense of humor, his sense of timing, his dreamlike confidence that it is worthwhile to talk about his wounded animals, drunks dozing in Ohio small-town gutters, Indians stranded in bus stations. Like the greater poets Hardy and Williams, Wright never lets us be sure he has put his foot wrong. He has some of their gift for recovery and redemption, though his intellectual range does not approach theirs.

The new volume, which includes short prose works and many poems set in Italy, is part of the recent mellower, less nervous phase of Wright's work. Characteristic are the lines that conclude "One Last Look at the Adige: Verona in the Rain." They are good lines and also quite "indulgent" of Wright's peculiar self—moony and alert, self-pitying and ebullient, almost too sensitive to live:

In the middle of my own life
I woke up and found myself
Dying, fair enough, still
Alive, in the friendly city
Of my body, my secret Verona,
Milky and green,
My moving jewel, the last
Pure vein left to me.

The unrighteous heathen,
Valerio Catullo,
Was born in Verona,
And you held him in the curve of your arm.
He couldn't stand it.
He left home and went straight
To hell in Rome.
Io factum male io miselle
Adige, the lights
Have gone out on the stone bridge,
Where I stand, alone,
A dark city on one shore,
And, on the other,
A dark forest.

A brisk, heedless confidence sustains the equation of the city with the poet's body, carrying through the funny "fair enough" to the portentous alternate symbols of the last four lines. Those lines attain the brooding atmosphere sought by poets, mostly younger than Wright, of what might be called the Light-Eating School, or the Darkness Breathers. But it is a real bridge and a real river connecting Wright and Catullus, more than a mere atmosphere.

Other times, the stylistic taste and surefootedness fail to hold a poem together, however attractive the fragments may be. In "The Best Days," Wright does not quite close the circuit between a repeated theme from Vergil (*"optima dies prima fugit"*) and the depicted scene. That scene is nearly as good as the one in Williams's poem "Fine Work with Pitch and Copper." Like Williams, Wright observes men at work:

It must weigh five hundred pounds. The best
Days are the first
To flee. The taller man has gray hair
And long thin arms, the other
Squat with young shoulders, his legs
Slightly bowed already, a laborer
With the years, like a tree.

One works the edge
Of his steel claw subtly
Between the stones.
The other waits for the right instant,
A dazzle of balance, and slips the blade
Of his cold chisel into the crack.

Balancing the great weight of this enormous
And beautiful floorstone laid by the Romans,
Holding a quarter ton of stone lightly
Between earth and air,
The tall man with the gray hair reaches
Around the corner of stone
And most delicately eases
A steel pipe beneath.
The best days are the first
To flee. Now both men
Can stand upright, then gradually,
Their fine hands sure, they can ease
The stone from its place.

What is missing is thought. The general proposition about the best days is merely folded about the scene, a carpe diem, fits-all-sizes garment. One hunts the poem for more, like a nervous courtier straining hopefully to make out a vaporous film of new clothes on the emperor; but the arbitrariness seems to bemuse even the poet, who writes, the last time he uses the phrase: "The best days are the first to flee,/And the underside of the stone/Is pink marble/From Verona."

And yet the poem has something: the legendary grace and balance of the sleepwalker—though clearly sleepwalkers also miss quite a lot. Wright's work is always *interesting*. When your friends tell you your one-act play is "interesting," they mean that you have bored them; but in Wright's case the word deserves its root sense of something that matters. Who else could interest the reader with a prose-lyric praising his old scoutmaster? Wright's tribute incorporates this sentence as a funny and touching analogy of the scoutmaster's tenderness toward his charges:

Robert Pinsky's book of poems, Sadness and Happiness *(1975), was published by Princeton University Press.*

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The Vedantas illustrate the most sublime ethical ideals by describing a saint who, having endured through a thousand lives every half-assed mistake and unendurable suffering possible to humanity from birth to death, refused at the last moment to enter Nirvana because he realized that his scruffy dog, suppurating at the nostrils and half mad with rabies, could not accompany him into perfect peace.

Both the dog and the syntax compel admiration. In contrast, only a writer trusting his impulses too much, and not thinking enough, could go on, a few paragraphs later, to mess things up with something as false and literary as:

When I think of Ralph Neal's name, I feel some kind of ice breaking open in me. I feel a garfish escaping into a hill spring where the crawdads burrow down to the pure bottom in hot weather to get the cool.

The simile is exaggerated and unpersuasive, its lyricism worked up.

In the last poem of this volume, "Beautiful Ohio," the poet sits looking at a "shining waterfall" of sewage spilling from a huge pipe. (This, too, recalls Williams, in his "A Salad for the Soul.") As he gazes at the cascading sewage, his thoughts are benevolent, concerning the 16,000 and more citizens of Martins Ferry, Ohio, "quickening the river/with the speed of light." What he sees, after all, is light, motion, life:

I know what we call it
Most of the time.
But I have my own song for it,
And sometimes, even today,
I call it beauty.

That frame of mind—undeceived, appreciative, bemused, interested—is not a bad model for the reader approaching Wright's bright, aqueous, miscellaneous, fluctuating talent. ●

Books in Brief

Natural Shocks
by Richard Stern
Coward, McCann & Geoghegan, 260 pp., $8.95

In Richard Stern's new novel, Frederick Wursup is a "cool correspondent à la Montesquieu or Heine," whose "book about the disastrous brilliance of recent American leadership" has sold millions of copies and has earned him one of journalism's coveted chairs as an independent inquisitor. He is a Puritan in a prurient age, when news has replaced gospel and gossip has become the lifeblood of news. Wursup seeks to settle the conflict between personal and professional bents by giving in to the "temptation of journalism ... to lose yourself in other people's troubles." He writes a puff piece about an old friend under siege, which seals the contender's political casket. He accepts an assignment for an article on death and falls for a country-fresh girl called Cicia, whose cells are being attacked by melanomatosis. Says a rogue in the book, with a nod to *Hamlet*: "Puritans harvest punishments. As if flesh weren't heir to sufficient natural shocks."

In tracking Wursup, Stern introduces a range of characters tangled in a far-flung alliance and comments on the "networks of feeling" that bind them. He also satirizes "influential" periodicals—from a shoestring newsletter called *Chouinard's* to "mastodons" like *The New York Times* and the weeklies—and the dependents they serve. Stern's style makes him a target of similar criticism: Like Wursup, his novel is sustained by the intensity of first encounters and by the spicy speculations that come with them. While Stern's prose can be inventive, whimsical, and flecked with insight, it is excessively erudite. He writes like a man in love with the sound of his own voice, whose lively references to cultural trends and too many philosophers make us weary of his worldliness.

—LINCOLN CAPLAN

Elizabeth Bowen
by Victoria Glendinning
Knopf, 320 pp., $12.50

The indefatigable Elizabeth Bowen (1899–1973), prolific novelist, renowned hostess, and inveterate traveler in Europe and America, became legendary as a grande dame of letters. Like Virginia Woolf and Gertrude Stein, she befriended, and was adored by, countless people, both illustrious and obscure.

Victoria Glendinning's lively and sympathetic study links Bowen's childhood preoccupations with the major themes of her novels. Raised by Anglo-Irish parents at Bowen's Court, the family's County Cork estate (which, regrettably, was sold and demolished in 1960), she endured, when very young, her father's mental illness and her mother's death. Resilience and avoidance shielded the child from her own grief; and later her customary survival techniques were reflected in her fiction, with passions simmering beneath a taut surface. Along with the traditional qualities of the oddly situated Anglo-Irish—energy, warmth, style, and irony—Bowen had a lingering feeling of dislocation after an adolescence spent among a succession of relatives. She dwelt on "the tightrope between innocence and disillusion," and her most memorable characters are young girls bewildered by the world and unaware of the formidable strength of their longings.

Though anecdotes abound, with attendant name-dropping, Glendinning nonetheless presents much of substance, particularly in her scrutiny of Bowen's unusual marriage, and offers brief, cogent examinations of her work. In a life so rich in event and emotion, spanning two world wars and immense social change, Elizabeth Bowen was, as she believed a writer ideally should be, "disabused and susceptible, and forever mobile."

—LYNNE SHARON SCHWARTZ

Big Bad Wolves: Masculinity in the American Film
by Joan Mellen
Pantheon, 384 pp., $12.95

When a fierce stranger with a macho moustache fired his gun at the audience in the last scene of *The Great Train Robbery*, in 1903, the American film officially canonized the brutal—and brutish—male. In the succeeding decades, that male image entertained and consoled common men, earthbound and puny of imagination, with fantasy men, defiant, virile, raw, sadistic, and free. The costumes worn by the men in the movies changed with the years, from those of cowboy to cop, gangster, secret agent; and their playgrounds moved from the frontier to the Sahara, Iwo Jima, and the streets of corrupt cities. But the codes that defined their masculinity stayed rigid. Joan Mellen views them as largely false and destructive not just to men but to women as well—and as ludicrous as the fact that John Wayne's real name is Marion Michael Morrison.

It is generally accepted that the best film critics today are women, and Joan Mellen is of their circle. Her chronological survey, moored in a feminist viewpoint, bristles with new insights and shows muted signs of anger. She writes intelligently of the changing values in American culture and of the political and psychological factors that helped create the masculine mystique. And she can treat film as art without any tiresome critic's jargon.

But not everyone will accept her contention that male bonding in "buddy" films always reflects fear of and hostility toward women; her provocative and unalloyed sexual interpretations of *Deliverance* and *The Sting* will stir both partisans and protesters. —JOHN FLUDAS

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*This reprint is free for the asking when you subscribe and mention Saturday Review.

Adultery and Other Choices
by Andre Dubus
Godine, 244 pp., $8.95

Andre Dubus, author of *Separate Flights*, has said that he believes in "the nobility of futile acts." This is hardly a novel concept for a contemporary American writer, but it does receive some interesting twists in Dubus's new collection of stories. In "The Fat Girl," the heroine desperately diets her way into suburban respectability and marriage only to quietly eat her way back out of both; in "Adultery," a dying ex-priest decides with marvelously tortured Jesuitic logic that even though his adulterous love affair was a sacrament almost analogous to the Eucharist, he must confess it on his deathbed because it "reeked or at least smelled faintly of sin."

Dubus is neither a "southern" nor an "experimental" writer, although he straddles the borderline of each style. His characters are often southerners (Dubus himself is from Louisiana), but they are also Catholic suburbanites. There are no Faulknerian blacks or O'Conneresque Bible salesmen around to enliven their despair. So to infuse their lives with richness, Dubus occasionally fragments or inverts their experiences to spring them loose from their bleak cause-and-effect lives. Usually, however, his style is tidily chronological and conservative.

As is most often the case with short stories (and novels too, for that matter), what we tend to remember about *Adultery and Other Choices* are isolated moments and touches. Although Dubus characteristically understates, his descriptions of physical exhaustion, in "Cadence," of dieting and undieting, in "The Fat Girl," and of sexual jealousy, in "Adultery," are full-blown virtuoso performances that linger in the mind. A precise writer, he knows how to keep the volume level down and still get a good fortissimo. —JACK SULLIVAN

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Fine Print

Jupe, Mouse, and a Mole

by Doris Grumbach

THE NEW YEAR has brought me, among other good things, a novel by a literary critic (always a good target for another literary critic) and a posthumously published book by a woman who wanted to write a novel about her experiences as a cancer sufferer but who settled instead for poignant jottings in a journal. The novel first:

Jupe, Geoffrey Wolff's buttermilk-drinking hero in *Inklings* (Random House, $7.95), is a literary critic. Surely, you say, I mean a *writer*? Or a novelist, perhaps? These people are often the subjects of novels, even though most readers (publishers assure us) are supposedly indifferent to the trials and fates of writer-heroes. No, Jupe *reviews* books, calls himself "a cultural buccaneer," and writes what his friend Nick (a serious one-novel man) considers "chatterbox stuff." Jupe teaches at a university, figures in New York's literary life, and spends his summers with his wife, Kate, and son in Maine, writing literary criticism.

This funny, tight-fisted novel begins when Jupe irreverently wrecks a panel discussion on "The Death of the Novel" before a yearly gathering of editors, writers, and critics. Afterward, he goes to a literary party. Such festivities are familiar to fiction, but Wolff's buckshot-accurate prose does wonders for the setting:

> The air was sour, polluted by the complaints of ambitious people suffering from ulcers and disappointed appetites. They were spoiled children, bright kids, most of them, whiz-bangs at twelfth-grade English, people who would tell you an hour after you met them that they had scored perfect marks on their College Board verbals, and many of them had. Most of them had announced themselves as Writers before their second college year: writing seemed like a good idea, clean work for a bright, spoiled kid. To go into business for yourself, keep easy hours, make quick killings with the movie folk, score with literate groupies—what could be nicer, more suitable? It wasn't just yachts and pussy, either, there was other stuff: the anthologies, the Nobel, the *à fond* article by Kazin or Kenner. And to have your merest commonplaces reported next morning in the *Times*, here indeed was very heaven.

At the party, Jupe meets Mouse (yes, I'm afraid that *is* her name), a beautiful girl "devoted to literature." They move on to a literary saloon (another deftly re-created scene), and finally Jupe goes home with her. Their relationship continues, Jupe decides to work on a novel, and they head for Maine (his wife, meanwhile, is furious with him because he has decided to work alone). We are treated to some excellent pages about the usual writer's-block travail to which Jupe is now subject.

So far, *Inklings* is predictable, clever in its correct evocation of detail—especially to those familiar with the milieu. But then a young man who has been shadowing Jupe in New York for some time arrives at the Maine retreat. A would-be novelist who calls himself Mole (Man of Letters), he brings with him his life's work, written in longhand and contained in 15 beer cases. He holds Jupe at pistol point and demands that the critic read his manuscript, three times. We are given some samples of Mole's "salty conundrums," and we sense something of what the enormous novel is about. In the middle of all this, Kate calls and thinks Jupe must have a girl with him. Jupe discards the idea of writing his own book (Mole tells him: "I'll tell you the truth: your stuff eats it. It's arch, self-conscious, two-for-a-penny, smart-ass and ironical. It doesn't shock, it isn't comely, and it isn't even true") and agrees, at pistol point, to edit Mole's novel.

Inklings has its own ironic ending. The chapter called "Cleaning Up" contains some fine twists that I will not spoil for the reader by describing here. If I have any quarrel with fellow critic Wolff, whose prose is on the whole entertaining, it is that his plot is overingenious, at points so unbelievable that he made me think he was engaging in fantasy. I thought Mole must be another side of Jupe—a younger, creative self who had captured the critic and of whom the critic violently had to rid himself. But *Inklings*'s strength is in its shower of literary allusions and, yes, conundrums. One forgives the strains of plot. It is a novel for literary people, and for those who like looking at and listening to them.

Violet Weingarten (who wrote *Mrs. Beneker* and other popular novels) died of cancer last year. She kept a journal of her dying, *Intimations of Mortality* (Knopf, $8.95), and in the introduction, her editor, Robert Gottlieb, says that Weingarten watches herself, turning her "cancer and death into objects of her characteristic curiosity."

I don't know precisely what number this book would be in the current torrential catalog of books on enduring disease and dying, on mortal catastrophes and heroic moribund postures. Descriptions of brain tumors and accounts of muscular dystrophy and autism have joined stories about avalanches and typhoons on the best seller lists. The virtues displayed in these descriptions often appear to be superhuman; human failings are too often absent.

Weingarten is human. She allows herself bouts of profound self-pity and doubt, jealousy, resentment, and rebellion. Sometimes her journal is too heavy with quotations, but she can be agreeably whimsical:

> If you want to know how I feel about cancer cells, I shall tell you. I don't feel invaded. Maybe I would if I had a growing mass, but as it is, I feel rather friendly toward such of them as there are. I think of them as damaged, inferior creatures that don't want to be there any more than I want them, and that somehow, with the shots and the pills and my own good cells, we are transforming them into fine upright healthy kids. I feel protective toward them, as if they were outside of the real me, not part of me.

Even near the end, with death staring at her from a few feet away, she is able to ask wryly in her journal: "Wouldn't it be nice if it turned out to be a virus?"

As Gottlieb quite rightly says, this book is as much about the reader as it is about Violet Weingarten (she herself says the journal is as much her family's as it is hers). And it is as painful to read as any account of catastrophe and as heartening as any chronicle of a war victory—which, in a sense, this testimony is. ◉

Answer to Middleton Double-Crostic No. 138

John Burchard:
Bernini Is Dead?

The architectural genius of... any... people cannot be judged exclusively by the skill ...with which they have contrived their most utilitarian works. People invariably essay nobler things as well, and it is by their solutions to such problems that they come finally to be judged.

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Trade Winds

by William Cole

Energetic Poet

My goodness, here's a poet who doesn't teach for a living! Judith Johnson Sherwin has published two books of poetry and a volume of short stories, has had five plays produced, and is working on a novel. Now her third book of poetry, *How the Dead Count* (Norton, January 23, $8.95 cloth, $2.95 paper), is with us. An energetic woman, she's president of the Poetry Society of America and has revitalized that heretofore somnolent organization. Her poetry is strongly individualistic, intricate, nervy, spiky. Here's "What Praise":

when you are old, my dear, what shall you
praise?
steady in judgment, balanced, grown most wise
with letting go, you shall count what you still
prize.
not God, Who set Time carver to your days,
giving you life in slices, light in rays,
set Space watchdog, let noone steal past his
eyes
and fill all cubes at once, not Love whose size
was a cage to tell your joys out, a safe / what
praise?

why, this praise, this: praise life, that having
been such
as you have known it, was not ever too much
to count and cancel, rough, was not so rough
it could rub you away, muddy, spotted, could
not smutch
your palm, in what it gave you gave enough.
nothing within your reach was hard to touch.

Should Cause a Stir

"Brash" is the word for twenty-four-year-old Mitchell S. Ross, who dropped out of the University of Michigan after two semesters and devoted himself to writing *Literary Politicians* (Doubleday, January 13, $10). He's talking about writers who actively concern themselves with politics and politicians who write. His exhibits are Buckley, Schlesinger, Galbraith, Mailer, Lowell, Vidal, Kissinger, and the memoirs, enchaptered together, of Truman, Eisenhower, and Johnson. Ross's main interest—what some might call the thrust of the book (I wouldn't)—is the total annihilation of Mailer as novelist, writer, thinker, politician, public figure, and superegoist: "Mailer will be relegated to a footnote in *The Oxford Companion*—which is as it should be. He is a dreadful writer and deserves oblivion." Ross devotes 31 pages of vituperation to the great Norm, and there's not a kind word among them. He has nothing *but* kind words for Vidal as novelist, playwright, public personality, and critic: "No healthier or more sober American mind currently applies itself to literature." He's weakest on Lowell—on poetry—and got my back up with, "In the meantime, 'modernism' is all about us—not only in the comparatively minor art of verse but in all the other literary and nonliterary arts as well." "Minor!" Humpf! He regards Buckley with skeptical affection:

In the sporting world there is something referred to as the "killer instinct," and Buckley lacks it. He enjoys knocking his opponent down, but then he only rushes over and lifts him up before the count has reached five. Worse still, he proceeds to brush the fellow off, praise his character and talent, and stride merrily away, carrying with him an air of supercilious good cheer, as if to say: "How did such a nice man wind up with such nutty ideas in his head?"

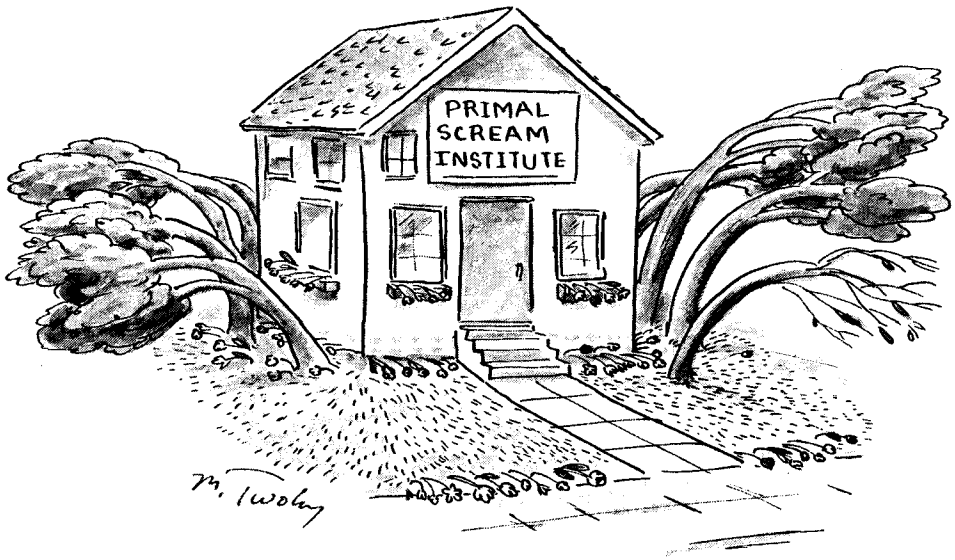
And Schlesinger with admiration: "It is also conceivable that, after the passage of years, Schlesinger's career may seem more important than Kennedy's." Galbraith is regarded with awe: "Among the finest literary artists of the age ... too important to be left to the economists for serious consideration." He's cozy about Kissinger, but isn't quite at ease assessing him. He feels that both Kissinger's policies and his writings "involve the entanglement of simple ideas in complicated techniques." And I think this is worth quoting:

Alone among the subjects of this book Kissinger does not merit inclusion because of the effect of his *writings* on the American mind. Not that they have been without effect: *Nuclear Weapons and Foreign Policy* was, after all, a best seller: Kissinger has been a literary politician in a most exact sense. He has used words, and often little else, to influence public policy; though his words, too, dissolve into their muddy origins.

The book should cause a stir. Some will call Mitchell Ross a brilliant new voice in criticism; others, a muddleheaded young twerp. I lean toward the brilliant, at the same time admitting some twerpitude. One thing the book has done is persuade me to read more Galbraith.

Marvelous Bad Taste

There's a run on Jewish novels this season. In my last column we had *Rachel, The Rabbi's Wife*. And now along comes Arnie Goff, in B. H. Litwack's *The Last Shiksa* (Putnam's, January 27, $9.95). Nobody could like Arnie, who's clawed his way up from Brooklyn's lowest slum to a Park Avenue high rise. He thinks of only one thing and seldom has so much marvelous bad taste been between the covers of a novel. He's totally Jewish, but to get the ladies he passes himself off as a Basque. Who's to gainsay him? The narrative, which is basically about Arnie's elaborate plan to seduce his psychiatrist's wife, wanders off into little essays on Jewish social events, name-changing, a paean of praise for Zabar's delicatessen, and even a poem about what a doctor does during a checkup. (This doctor's office is "tastefully furnished in decorum doctorum.") A high-spirited romp, funny as hell, though sure to offend many. ◉



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Sporting Life

Can the Celtics Bounce Back?

by Jonathan Evan Maslow

THE BOSTON CELTICS got off to such a shaky start this season—10 defeats in their first 15 games—that for a few weeks it appeared as though the Green Machine's gears had finally worn their sprockets. After winning 13 National Basketball Association (NBA) championships (11 of them in a row) in the past 20 years, the Celtics have attained a truly mythical character. The thought of an NBA campaign without the Celts as fearsome contenders is like contemplating Troy being sacked with Achilles getting bumped off in the first chapter.

On investigation, the Celtics' chief problem turns out to be a slight clash of egos, which, as readers of Homer will recall, can strike the best of battalions from time to time and which is certainly not absent from professional basketball; there, five strong egos (plus a coach) must blend on a playing court a lot smaller than a city block. Basketball, in fact, is a sport that is particularly vulnerable to attack from the Wonderful World of Me. Any number of NBA teams come into each season fielding five supertalented players, only to discover that once on the court, the stars hog and showboat, refuse to pass to their teammates, and end up blowing a sure shot at the championship.

The problem was strikingly highlighted by last year's championship play-offs between the Philadelphia 76ers and the Portland Trail Blazers. Like a trompe l'oeil painting dangling over its frame, the 76ers' egos hung out all over the court: Julius Erving, the highest paid of athletic cats-in-patten; Lloyd Free, who declared himself "All-World"; George McGinnis, who jealously refused to pass to Erving; and Caldwell Jones, who refused to play altogether until he had finished watching cartoons on the hotel television. Portland, with less raw talent, put together a fine union led by the sports world's former student radical (and current vegetarian), Bill Walton. Although Walton dominated the court completely, his brilliance and energy always incited a greater team effort; and as he set the Blazers afire, one sensed that the finest team player since Bill Russell, who played for the Celtics in the 1960s, had already matured.

It was Russell's example of court leadership that fused the Celtics into the consummate team in pro basketball. He was a selfless black prince, rebounding, playing defense, and marshaling the Celtics' famous fast break: Russell, the carbon that Boston coach (now general manager) Red Auerbach alloyed to the iron of Bob Cousy, Bill Sharman, and Tom Heinsohn to make the fine steel of the old Boston teams.

So the first person I went to see in Boston was the wily Auerbach, and the first thing I asked Himself was whether the Celtics' early troubles demonstrated a failure to motivate today's wealthy young stars. Auerbach, who practically invented the modern game by assigning specific roles to his players (defensive center, playmaker guard, power forward, and the sixth man), admitted right out that "things ain't what they used to was." He thinks the advent of the no-cut contract threatens to ruin the special pride of team that he has worked so long, a bit paternalistically, to instill in his players. "With the no-cut," he said, "they don't play with the same desperation or intensity they used to. There's no motivating incentive to perform 'above and beyond' the call. If a guy knows he's got a three-year, no-cut contract, all he's gotta do is kill himself that last year, thinking his future will be determined by his last annual statistics."

When I raised the point that the modern player's obsession with his own scoring average was only enlightened self-interest, inasmuch as most NBA teams go into the players' market after the highest scorer they can locate, Auerbach replied, "I don't hire by offensive stats. With me, it's a matter of how much a guy contributes toward winning. See, my theory, when I came in, was that pro ball is very cold. 'We pay, you play. When you're finished, good-bye.' I was violently opposed to that idea. And as a result, we've always been closer to our players and cared about them as people. More guys who started their careers here have finished as Celtics than on all the other teams combined. I may not always be able to meet a free agent's demands, but it's always been our policy to give a guy an extra playing year before he retires, so they're better off financially in the end. Look at John Havlicek. We're not trading him away because he's slowed down [at age thirty-seven]. It's a family thing here, and no matter what direction the league takes, they'll never take that away from us. Former Celtics form a kind of alumni with us; they help out with the scouting, and I'm on the phone with my former players every day."

It is just this clannishness, however, that some observers have been blaming for the Celtics' early losses. Last year, Auerbach failed to meet the free agent demands of Paul Silas, Boston's power forward. Silas was tough under the boards; a tireless runner; an "enforcer" by nature, with a powerful court presence—that is, a quintessential Celtic and a great favorite with Boston fans. In a complicated deal, Silas was sent to Denver, and Sidney Wicks was purchased from Portland. Silas had been buddies with Boston's burly, redheaded center, David Cowens, and with Silas's departure, Cowens suddenly lost his enthusiasm for the game. He retired to his Kentucky farm for much of the season, trying to figure out why he felt so crummy without Silas. Without their dominating big man, the Celtics were left hors de combat. Cowens finally returned to the fold, his slashing elbows as deadly as ever under the boards; but as fate would have it, the very night of his return, Celtic guard Charlie Scott went up for a jump shot and crashed against the concrete supports of the basket, shattering a forearm.

With Scott lost, Wicks's worth was enhanced, and his agent demanded like remuneration, reportedly a $250,000-a-year, no-cut contract. To the Celtic alumni, Wicks's demands looked like the height of opportunism—or blatant blackmail. The alumni are said to have convinced Auerbach to tell Wicks where to go—which was more or less what Auerbach did. At the same time, the tolerance of Boston fans appeared to be fraying like the overcoat of a Tremont Street derelict. In the past few years, while Boston's race relations collapsed in the wake of the school busing controversy, the Celtics have been perhaps the city's only multiracial institution to have come through unscathed. That survival was owed not only to the team's winning ways but also to the tranquil personalities of the Celtics' black players. Where moderates like Jo Jo White and Charlie Scott held things together, an out-

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spoken black athlete—a Kareem Abdul-Jabbar—might have ripped the Celtics apart.

Sidney Wicks is a handsome, 220-pound, six-foot-nine-inch forward out of the West Los Angeles ghetto, who led his UCLA team to back-to-back National Collegiate Athletic Association championships and graduated a quarter of a school year ahead of his class, with a major in sociology.

He was Portland's first-round draft choice in 1971. He has proved his abilities as a scrappy inside fighter and rebounder but has been accused from time to time of failing to give his all. Last year, Wicks moved his family to Boston—which is taken in pro sports as a gesture of good faith—and was given the sixth-man role on the Celtics. A role often assigned to younger players or to those who haven't yet mastered the Celtic system, the sixth man is expected to come off the bench at crucial moments and fire up the team. But for Wicks, coming in cold proved difficult. He complained that he couldn't find his groove without more playing time. Although this was obviously a legitimate complaint, Wicks unwittingly added to suspicions that he was a typical pay me/play me black dude who would never feel *Celtic Pride* coursing through his veins. This in turn stiffened Boston's resistance to his contract demands.

As a result, Wicks missed training camp last autumn, the time when the Celtics withdraw to Cape Cod like monks on a retreat, to develop that extraordinary inner harmony that has traditionally marked the team. Stuck for a power forward, Boston finally did come to terms with Wicks, but only three hours before the season's opener. He suited up out of shape and out of sorts. When Boston dropped eight of its first nine games on a grueling opening road trip, Wicks returned home to stunning jeers from Boston fans and the cheapest shots imaginable from the Boston press, which, as it happened, was involved in an all-out newspaper war and delighted to use the Celtics as ammunition.

In a classic piece of yellow journalism, entitled "No Offense, No Defense, No Nothin'," *Boston Globe* columnist Bob Ryan quoted Irving Levin, owner of the Celtics, excoriating Red Auerbach for "inflicting Sidney Wicks on us." Wrote Ryan: "Are we supposed to accept calmly the fact that the same team that couldn't find the money for Paul Silas has paid Portland $500,000 to obtain the services of this practically useless and stupendously overpaid player? We're the ones who must watch Wicks get beaten on defense, throw up air balls, trail every fast break, and make life seven times harder for Dave Cowens than it has to be. The only thing Wicks leads the league in is meaningless statistics."

By the time I arrived in Boston, the anguish over Wicks was subsiding (a political columnist for a rival paper had taken some of the pressure off by calling for the pope's resignation). Boston coach Tom Heinsohn was shaking up his team in an effort to turn it around. Heinsohn has never been lauded as a courtside genius—he operates somewhat in Auerbach's shadow; but as I sat down at court level to witness the Celtics eke out a thrilling overtime victory over their archrivals, the New York Knicks, I began to realize some of Heinsohn's value.

You must picture the scene: Boston Garden; Friday night. The 13 NBA championship flags hanging down from the catwalks like a coat of arms. Thousands of Boston blue-collar workers filling the $4 wooden seats, which rise right over the players' heads like a Mexican *barranca*. An awesome enough situation for any visiting club. And then as the crowd grew silent and the anthem began, with the Knicks and the Celts at either end of the court, Heinsohn came out in front of his men and stood there, bathed in the lights, glowering downcourt at his opponents while the organ played, his chest puffed out, his shoulders squared, a fierce sneer on his lips. Attila the Hun could not have looked more intimidating.

To pull the Celtics out of their initial tailspin, Heinsohn and Auerbach have broken with their own Celtic dogma by putting the sacerdotal captain, John Havlicek, in the sixth-man role and by inserting rookie Cedric "Cornbread" Maxwell into the starting lineup. As may well be imagined, rookies do not usually play much for the Celtics. They are there to sit on the bench and learn what it means to be a Celtic. But Cornbread Maxwell has played with such spirit that he has earned an early and unprecedented vote of confidence. Maxwell is a six-foot-nine-inch defensive forward out of North Carolina who runs with legs splayed awkwardly, like a young colt. But how he runs is less important than the fact that he runs. And runs. Word is out in Boston that Cornbread is the best rookie to hit town since Dave Cowens, in 1970; that he has great "court sense" in addition to his stamina, as well as the old-fashioned virtues beloved of Auerbach and the Celtic alumni association.

In the locker room, after the Celtics' victory over New York, I asked Maxwell whether he had heard the bleachers chanting "Cornbread! Cornbread!" and whether he felt he had arrived. "I just feel lucky to play as much as I have because I've heard rookies don't usually get much chance here," he said. "Sure, the more I play, the more comfortable I'll be, but I feel like I'm still getting an education even when I practice with these guys. And I should keep to the conservative side and not gamble too much. Right now, it's better that I mold to the system rather than the system mold to me, if you understand what I mean."

I did. I also suspected I'd seen a prime candidate for NBA rookie of the year, if and when the Celtics turn around. With such a glorious past and such a promising future, it's hard to believe the Celtics won't rebuild with their pride intact. As Dave Cowens has been saying to reporters who query him on the team's emotional state, "We feel great. What about you?" ◉

"Just how long have you had this compulsion to steal?"

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Education Now

Title IX of the federal Education Amendments of 1972 requires that a fair share of athletic funds and facilities at American colleges and schools be given to females. At Colgate, where I am a student, Title IX has produced immediate results, although minor problems remain. What progress is being made at other American colleges?

Julie Kilpatrick
Hamilton, N. Y.

TITLE IX has hit the American collegiate sports establishment with the impact of a blocked extra point attempt in the last seconds of a tie game. Some colleges have stonewalled in the hope that the law or its adherents will go away and leave the men to play men's games with what they regard as men's money. Some have accepted the requirements gracefully, helping the women beef up programs that had been shamefully neglected. Most have made halting progress in such obvious areas as the budget and the total number of sports offered while resisting change in such others as coaches' salaries, travel arrangements, and use of facilities.

As with most social revolutions, the gains made by women's athletics look impressive numerically because the starting point was so low. According to statistics compiled by *womenSports* writer Candace Lyle Hogan, women's programs now claim from 4 to 8 percent of college athletics funding, compared with 2 percent in 1974 and with a percentage around zero for the decades before that. In addition, more than 460 colleges now offer athletic scholarships to women—seven times as many scholarships as were offered in 1974. Colleges that used to provide female students with one sport—field hockey was the staple—or two now provide eight, ten, even twelve. At the University of Minnesota, for example, women's teams compete with those of other colleges in basketball, swimming and diving, track and field, gymnastics, cross-country, tennis, golf, softball, volleyball, *and* field hockey. The program at the University of California at Los Angeles (UCLA) is most often cited. Thanks to a hefty $450,000 budget, UCLA has hired 11 head coaches, 8 assistant coaches, a trainer, and a publicist; and it has put about 75 female students on athletic scholarships.

Overall progress is slow. The institutions, however, are not entirely to blame. Title IX's language is ringing but vague, and even the law's adherents admit that the follow-up regulations propounded by the Department of Health, Education, and Welfare have created confusion. Moreover, colleges willing to give money to women's athletics have been hard pressed to find it. Most have had to dig up money from their general funds or, in the case of numerous state universities, persuade the legislature to earmark additional state aid for women's programs. Some colleges have already turned to a trusted mechanism—the special fund raiser, whose function now is to track down alumni and business support for female as well as male sports.

Full implementation of Title IX would obviously threaten assumptions cherished by American men—that serious, organized athletics is a male preserve; that, specifically at the college level, big-time spectator sports are unquestionably supreme; and so on. Football and men's basketball have long enjoyed the hog's share of money and attention—plentiful scholarships, separate dormitories, peerless equipment, training tables—principally because they are able to draw enough spectators, paying enough per ticket, to come close to breaking even or—better yet—to making some money for the college. When Title IX became effective, in 1972, there was grumbling and cursing among alumni, in the male world of athletic departments, and in the ranks of the National Collegiate Athletic Association, which controls and promotes big-time college sports. The women, ran the complaints, were out to raid athletic department treasuries or, in Candace Hogan's phrase, to "rob Peter to pay Paula."

Thus far, the males' fear that "their" sports will be gutted has proved unfounded. Here and there an athletic department has trimmed a men's perquisite or two. The University of Tennessee at Knoxville abolished all scholarships for men's spring sports (which don't draw revenue-producing crowds, anyway) in order to free up money to spend on women's programs. Several schools have reduced the number of sports in which scholarships are available and have included women's sports in the reduced number; at the University of Massachusetts, only men's football, men's and women's basketball, and women's gymnastics offer scholarships. But the big-time male athletic establishment rolls on from coast to coast, spending, at a typical

"Please come in, Miss Blatner, and take a letter."

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ajor institution, several *million* dollars a ar to field teams in its name.

Money is by no means the only point of ntention between the male establishment d the female invaders. Women athletes nd to get older or cheaper equipment, bus stead of airplane transportation, and, ost vexing, use of the gym and other facil- es *after* male athletes have used them. r. Vivian Barfield, director of women's tercollegiate athletics at the University of innesota, says that a shortage of playing ace rather than rank discrimination is the use of the facilities problem: "I can un- rstand the male coach's point of view. e's been coaching basketball for, say, enty-five years and has won a bunch of g Ten championships, using the only fa- lity on campus from two to six P.M., five ys a week, and all of a sudden a women's ach comes along and wants to share it. ow would you feel? Wouldn't you want to nch her right in the nose?"

Title IX, the men point out, does not quire equal funding. It *does* require qual opportunity," which the college is pposed to provide by "effectively ac- mmodating the interests and abilities of th males and females." All schools are pposed to be in full compliance by next ly; those that are not will risk a cutoff of eir federal education moneys. Whether not this ever comes to pass, women ath- ics administrators know that their pro- ams have a bright, expanding future. ey are already pondering whether to put eir funds into spectator sports—and "go g-time"—or into a greater number of w-key participant sports.

So far it seems that most will keep things w key. But the big-time bug can bite ei- er sex, and who knows? In a few years, levision may be presenting a female ver- on of the Rose Bowl, for volleyball or sketball, complete with male cheer- aders. —ROGER M. WILLIAMS

Fraser Young
Literary Crypt No. 99

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer on page 60.

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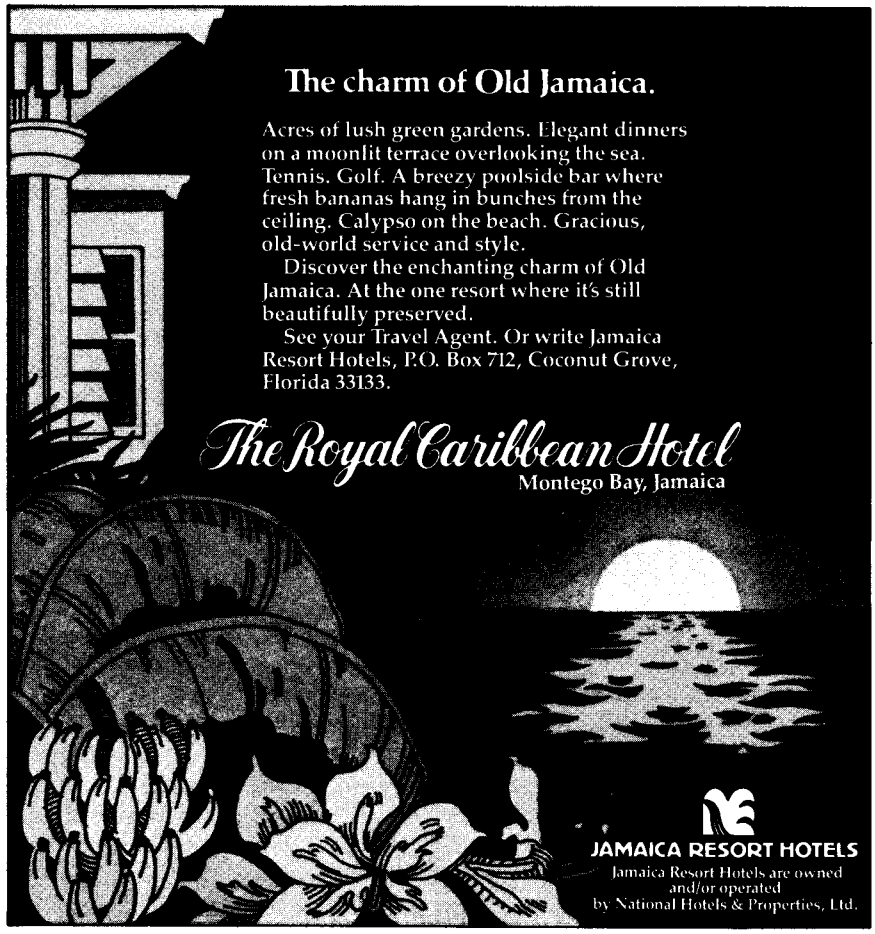
—EJYVXY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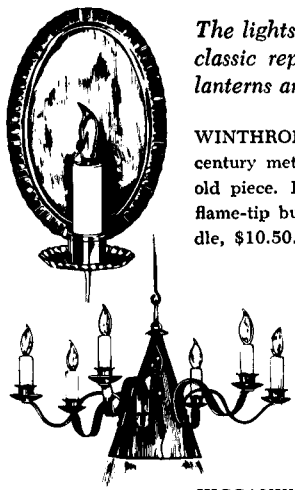

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Light Refractions

On Learning the Rules

by Thomas H. Middleton

EVERY THANKSGIVING, thousands of English teachers give up their family weekend and come from all over the country to attend the National Council of Teachers of English convention.

Last year, I had the privilege of speaking to the group during one of its luncheon gatherings, on the day after Thanksgiving. My theme, basically, was the need for an understanding of the rules of language and of its structure and history. I had a thoroughly enjoyable time but was somewhat surprised not only at how many English teachers disagreed with me but also at the intensity of their disagreement. I had anticipated, of course, that there would be a large faction of what I suppose might be called the linguistic community, which holds that traditional grammar is not important; indeed, that it is scarcely worth talking about.

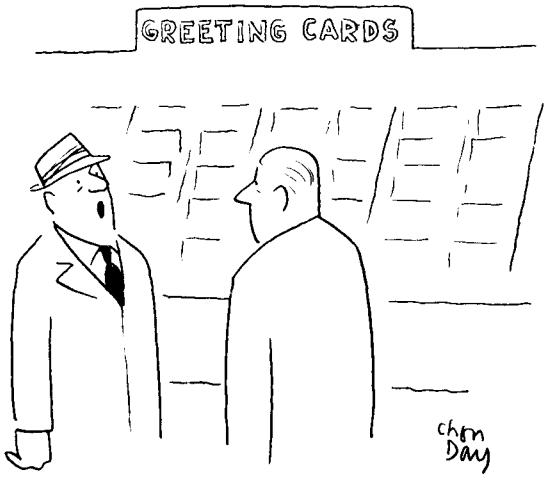
From discussions I had during a couple of extracurricular sessions, I gathered that English teachers are divided just about 50–50 between the traditionalists, who think that children are being given something priceless when they are taught the rules of the language, and the progressives, who think that children are being frustrated in the expression of their own individuality when they are forced into the boring strictures of grammar and usage.

I think that what has happened—at least in part—is that along with most of other verities, the "truth" of English gr mar has been under very heavy fire.

The rules of grammar are not divi mandated, of course. The way the guage works has evolved over the turies, and the grammar can be said to l taken form long before anyone studie and put a system of grammatical rules writing. The first serious attempts to cc the language were made by John Dry and Jonathan Swift in the late seventee and the early eighteenth centuries. T both had the idea of forming a sort of glish academy, similar to the Acade Française. They failed (fortunatel think), but they did give impetus to c efforts to fit the English language in structured pattern. Perhaps the most portant step in this process was Sar Johnson's dictionary, which came ou the eighteenth century.

Johnson's work encouraged a good m other linguists, some of whom rather rogantly prescribed correct usage and scribed incorrect usage. Some of the r the old grammarians formulated were pricious. Others were based on the st ture of classical Latin. The rule against split infinitive, for instance, grew out of fact that Latin infinitives are in the form one word, indivisible. Ergo, as the L scholars probably said, we should not English infinitives.

Today, there seems to have develop widespread feeling that all those d



"What do you have that tells a dear friend we are foreclosing his mortgage?"

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ammarians and all their stultifying rules e irrelevant. Certainly, they are not conlered "with it."

To my mind, the grammarians did an adirable job and gave us an extremely eful structure with which to work. Clas:al English grammar should be underood as a system of guidelines useful in parting a certain grace and clarity to our nguage, both written and spoken, but parularly written.

I don't think children should be deprived these guidelines. In fact, I think these les are among the most valuable things a rson can have in his mental storehouse. ne fact that a child might be somewhat red during the learning process seems to e a flabby excuse for not teaching. So es the fact that a child might speak other language and English might be a reign tongue to him. English unquestionably one of the world's richt and greatest languages, spoken by untless millions of people. The ability use it well—the ability to commucate with clarity, in both speech and iting, with the best-educated members the English-speaking world—is, of urse, a priceless gift.

I can't accept the theory that learning s to be fun. If it is fun, so much the bet-. Certainly, it *can* be fun. Equally cerinly, learning can be tedious. But even hen it is drudgery, learning something d understanding what has been gained on e way brings a sense of satisfaction that equently leads to a desire for further hievement, however painful the process. The rules are there to be used or to be oken. Often the breaking of grammatical les enhances style and clarity. But the nowledge of the rules and of how and why ey work is *always* a tremendous asset. he important thing is to know that they e your tools, not your master. ◉

Wit Twister No. 110

Edited by Arthur Swan

The object of the game is to complete the poem by thinking of one word whose letters, when rearranged, will yield the appropriate word for each series of blanks. Each dash within a blank corresponds to a letter of the word. Answers on page 61.

The — — — — — climbs
the steps toward his cell,
One — — — — — at a time,
with mounting dread.
He cannot steal sweet freedom
from this hell
Or — — — — — tardy
pardon from the dead. A.S.

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lifer, flier, rifle

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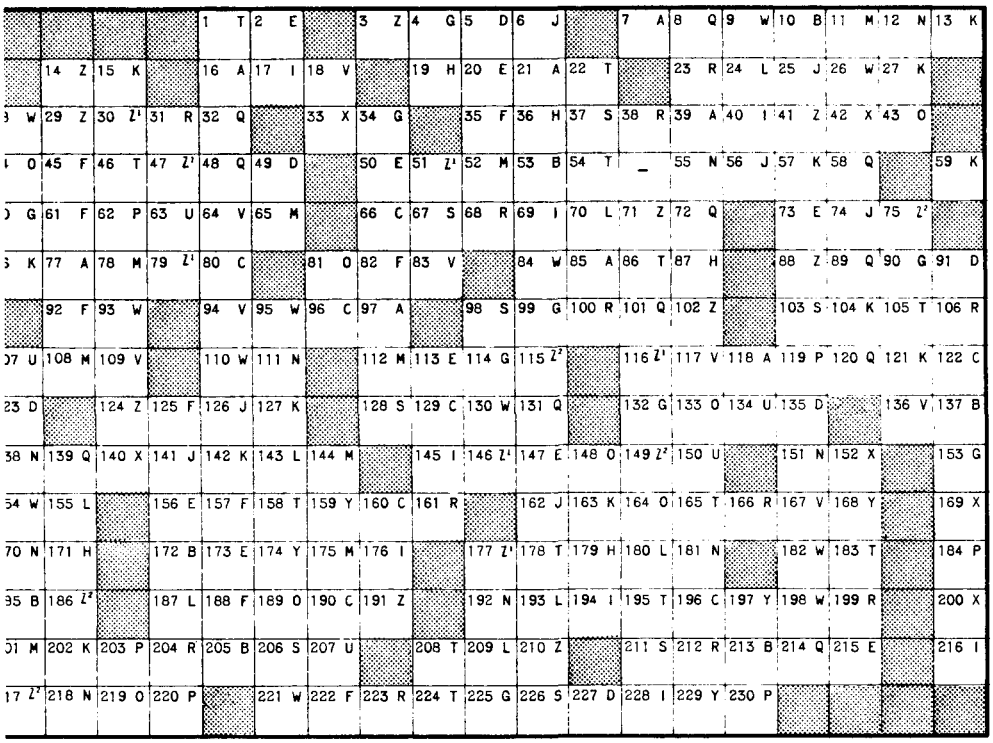
Double-Crostic

by Thomas H. Middleton



Instructions — Number 139

If you've never solved one of these puzzles, it will probably look much more difficult than it actually is. If you can answer only a very few of the WORDS correctly, you're on your way to solving the puzzle.

Fill in the numbered blanks of all the WORDS you can guess and write the letter of each numbered blank in its correspondingly numbered square in the diagram. The letters printed in the upper-right-hand corners of the squares indicate from what WORD a particular square's letter comes.

The diagram, when filled in, should read as a quotation from a published work. The dark squares are the spaces between words. If there is no dark square at the end of a line, a word may carry over to the line below.

The first letter of each WORD, reading down, will spell the name of the author and the title of the work from which the quotation is taken.

You should find yourself seeing words and phrases taking form in the diagram; so you can work back and forth, from WORDS to diagram and from diagram to WORDS, until the diagram is filled in.

CLUES	WORDS
Spendthrifts	7 16 21 39 77 85 97 118
"Jesus, knowing that... the scriptures might be fulfilled, saith, ____" (2 wds.; John 19:28)	137 172 185 205 213 10 53
Return in thought (2 wds.)	96 129 160 190 66 80 122 196
Means of rising; English run	227 5 49 91 123 135
1928 Shapiro-Campbell-Connelly song hit (4 wds.)	173 50 73 113 147 156 215 2 20
Immortality	45 92 125 157 188 222 35 61 82
Contrivance, device	99 114 225 4 34 60 90 132 153
Capital of Côte-d'Or, France	171 179 19 36 87
"The ____ sharp whom any one catches" (Gilbert and Sullivan, *The Mikado*)	145 194 228 17 40 69 176 216
Profiteers' poor relations; plunderers, despoilers	6 25 56 74 126 141 162
American Revolutionary general (1745–96; full name)	163 202 15 27 57 104 127 59 76 13 121 142
Person or thing unrivaled or unequaled	209 24 143 155 187 70 180 193
Oscar-winning role for Ginger Rogers (2 wds.)	11 95 112 144 201 52 78 65 108 175
Capable, competent; telling	181 55 138 170 192 111 151 218 12

CLUES	WORDS
O. Patron saint of Russia	148 219 44 81 133 164 189 43
P. Twitches, jumps; begins	62 119 203 230 184 220
Q. Indifferent, cool, perfunctory (comp.)	8 89 101 139 32 48 120 214 58 72 131
R. O'Neill play (2 wds. after *The*)	223 31 38 204 100 161 68 166 106 212 199 23
S. Amusements, entertainments	211 103 128 206 226 37 67 98
T. Important food fish found in warm seas (2 wds.)	54 86 195 46 165 158 183 105 224 22 178 1 208
U. Order or proclamation by an arbitrary authority	134 63 107 150 207
V. "Remorseless, treacherous, lecherous, ____ villain!" (*Hamlet*)	94 117 167 136 18 64 83 109
W. Abnormal fear of crowds	93 26 28 130 182 221 154 198 84 9 110
X. Sea nymph	152 42 169 140 33 200
Y. Plasterlike compound for preparing a surface for painting	174 229 159 168 197
Z. Eminent artists of an earlier period, especially of the fifteenth–eighteenth centuries (2 wds.)	29 102 210 41 14 71 124 191 3 88
Z¹. 1900 Joseph Conrad novel (2 wds.)	47 30 146 116 177 51 79
Z². They might be late or blind	149 217 115 186 75

Answer to ***Double-Crostic No. 138*** appears on page 50.

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The Back Door

On Splitting

"As divorce becomes more common, the shame attendant on it dissipates. Some divorcés even argue that divorce is beneficial, educational; that the second or third or fifth marriage is 'the best.'"

ONE AFTERNOON recently, two unrelated friends called to tell me that, well, their marriages hadn't made it. One was leaving his wife for another woman. The other was leaving her husband because "we thought it best."

As always after such increasingly common calls, I felt helpless and angry. What had happened to those solemn vows that one of the couples had stammered on a steamy August afternoon three years earlier? And what had happened to the joy my wife and I had sensed when we visited the other couple and their two children last year, the feeling they gave us that here, in this increasingly fractionated world, was a constructive union?

I did not feel anger at my friends personally: Given the era and their feelings, their decisions probably made sense. What angered me was the loss of years and energy. It was an anger similar to that I feel when I see abandoned foundations of building projects—piled bricks and girders and a gash in the ground left to depress the passerby.

When our grandparents married, nobody except scandalous eccentrics divorced. "As long as we both shall live" was no joke. Neither was the trepidation brides felt on the eves of their wedding days. After their vows, couples learned to live with each other—not necessarily because they loved each other, but because they were stuck, and it was better to be stuck comfortably than otherwise.

Most of the external pressures that helped to enforce our grandparents' vows have dissolved. Women can earn money and may enjoy sex, even bear children, without marrying. As divorce becomes more common, the shame attendant on it dissipates. Some divorcés even argue that divorce is beneficial, educational; that the second or third or fifth marriage is "the best." The only reasons left to marry are love, tax advantages, and, for those old-fashioned enough to care about such things, to silence parental kvetching.

In some respects, this freedom can be seen as social progress. Modern couples can flee the corrosive bitterness that made Strindberg's marriages nightmares. Dreiser's Clyde Griffiths might have abandoned his Roberta instead of drowning her.

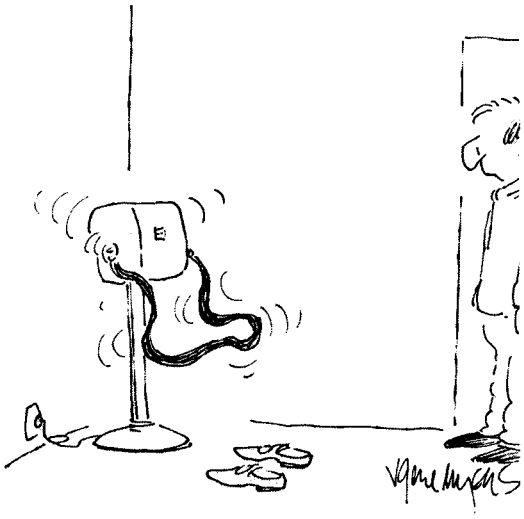
In other respects, our rapidly-rising divorce rate and the declining marriage rate (as more and more couples opt to forgo legalities and simply live together) represent a loss. One advantage of spending a lifetime with a person is seeing each other grow and change. For most of us, it is not possible to see history in the bathroom mirror—gray hairs, crow's-feet, yes, but not a change of mind or temperament. Yet, living with another person, it is impossible not to notice how patterns and attitudes change and not to learn—about yourself and about time—from those perceptions.

Perhaps the most poignant victim of the twen century is our sense of continuity. People use grow up with trees, watch them evolve from sap to fruit bearers to gnarled and unproductive gr fathers. Now, unless one is a farmer or a fore there is almost no point to planting trees because is not likely to be there to enjoy their maturity change addresses and occupations and hobbies life-styles and spouses rapidly and readily, muc we change TV channels. In our grandparents' one committed oneself to certain skills and d plines and developed them. Carpenters spent times learning their craft; critics spent lifet learning literature. Today, the question often is "What do you do?" but "What are you into?" N rame one week, astrology the next, health f philosophy, history, jogging, movies, EST—w from "commitment" to "commitment" like among flowers because it is easier to test somet than to master it, easier to buy a new toy tha repair an old one.

I feel sorry for what my divorced friends lost. No matter how earnestly the former spo try to "keep in touch," no matter how generou visiting privileges for the parent who does not custody of the children, the continuity of their has been broken. The years they spent together been cut off from the rest of their lives; they ar isolated memory, no more integral to their past a snapshot. Intelligent people, they will com their next marriages—if they have them—to first. They may even, despite not having a shared past, notice growth. What I pray, thoug that they do not delude themselves into belie like so many Americans today, that happine only measurable moment to moment and, in pursuit of momentary contentment, forsake the spectives and consolation of history.

There is great joy in watching a tree grow.

—CARLL TUC



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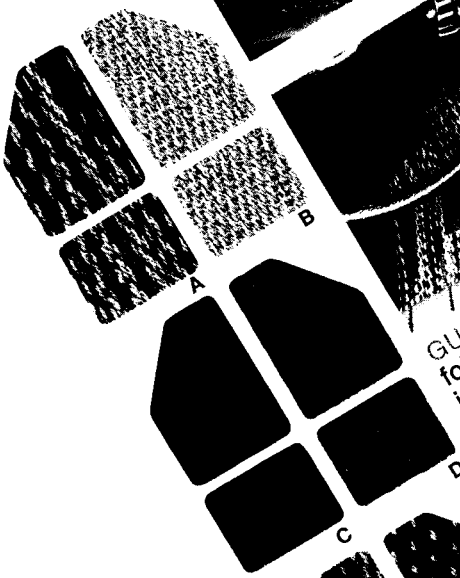

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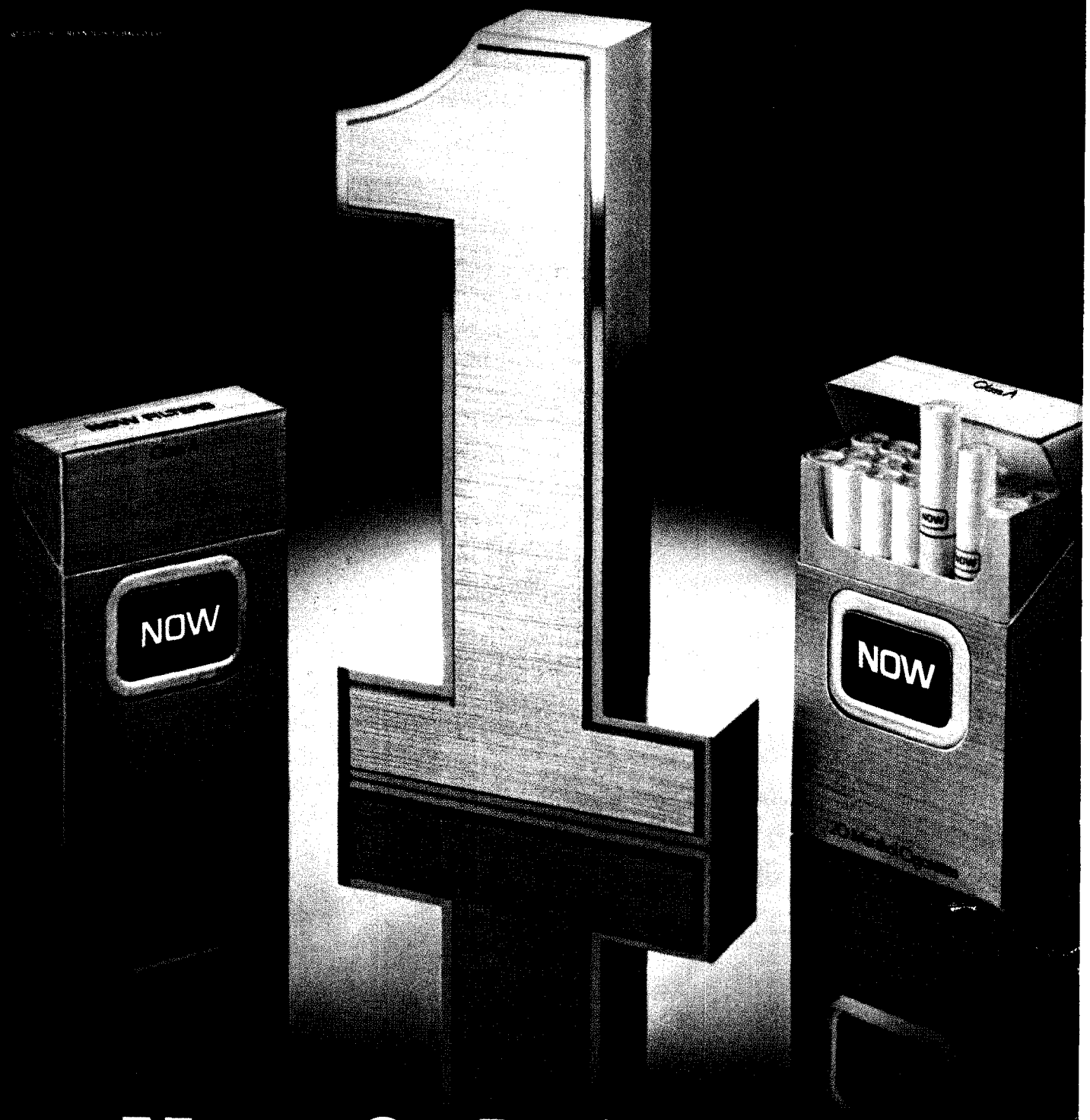

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